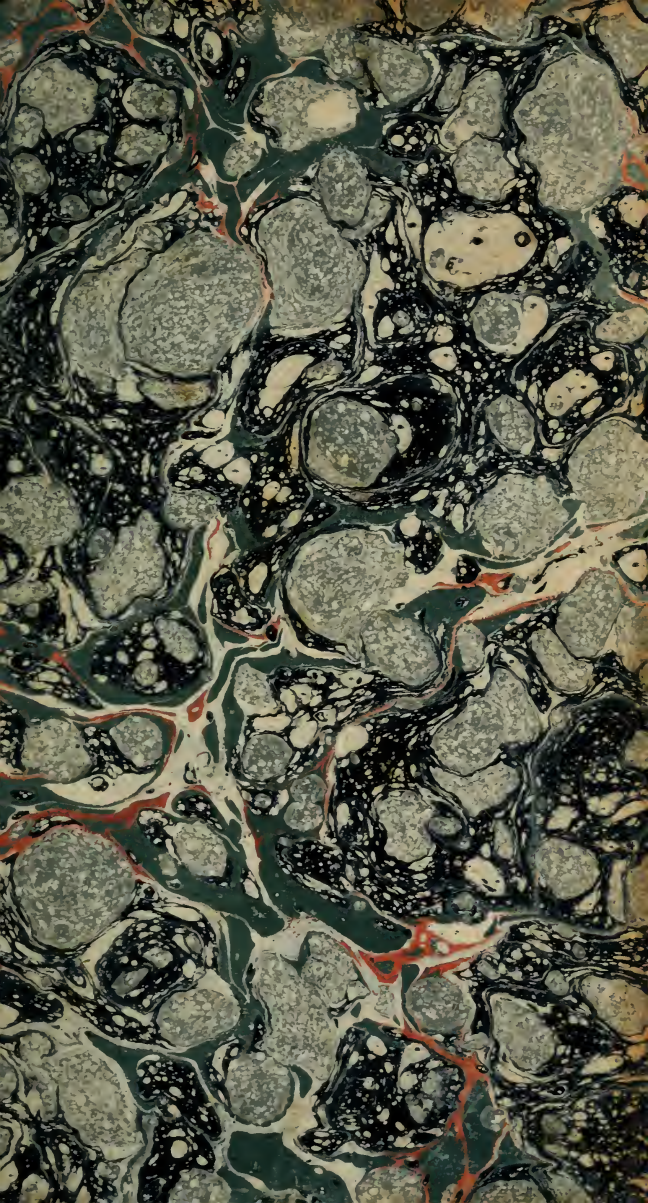


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THEODORE;

OR,

*THE ENTHUSIAST.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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G. SIDNEY, Printer,  
Northumberland-Street, Strand.

*A. Arnold*

# THEODORE;

OR,

*THE ENTHUSIAST.*

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1807.

# Journal

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## THE ENTHUSIAST.

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### VOL. II.

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#### BOOK THIRD.

#### CHAPTER I.

In which a most important subject is profoundly treated.

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IT is a singular circumstance, in the history of human eccentricities, that the greatest attention should be paid to the breed of dogs and horses, and so little to that of the human species. No experienced jockey would think of training a colt, if there were the smallest flaw in his pedigree ; nor would an old sportsman set much value upon a litter of whelps, unless they were descended, on both sides, from staunch and favourite hounds.

VOL. II.

B

“ Well Sir,” replied a fat Swabian baron, to whom I addressed the foregoing remark, while he chuckled at his own penetration, “ give me leave to ask if the case be not exactly similar with us. No one, rest assured, can prize hereditary honors more highly than I do; and although I have no less than five daughters upon my hands, with scarcely any thing besides their shifts for a fortune, I’d be d——d before I’d marry them to any man in Christendom, who could not reckon sixteen quarters in his escutcheon.”

Now, had I been conversing with any animal in the creation except a Swabian baron, I should have rejoiced at the victory which I had thus easily obtained: but the creature is so short-sighted, that it sees no further than a mole; and to triumph over its confusion would be about as ridiculous as for a man to call himself a hero because he tramples on a frog.—But this by way of parenthesis;—and now for a word to the baron.

“ I am perfectly ready Sir,” said I, with something like an ungenerous smile, “ to acknowledge the truth of your assertion, and will allow you to make the most of your argument. Though, unluckily, it will prove of as little service to your cause, as a blister plaster to a fit of pride. I am no stranger, believe me, to your extravagant ideas of rank and titles ; I am aware that, in your estimation, they constitute the only essential distinctions between man and man ; nor do I entertain the smallest doubt that there exists a single lord of a feudal domain, between the Elbe and the Rhine, who would hesitate to unite his daughter to age, deformity, ideotism, or disease, provided they descended in an uninterrupted line from some of those illustrious madmen who wasted their patrimony in the holy wars. But you will please to recollect that, among the four-footed race, purity of blood is necessarily connected with personal merit. It is by his own achievements alone, and

not by those of his ancestors, that a horse or a dog can rise to celebrity ; and should the descendant of an Eclipse, or a High-flyer, prove a puny, stunted, mishapen brute, his boasted pedigree will hardly preserve him from a hackney coach."

This was quite enough for the baron ; who, being now at the end of his tether, turned from me with a contemptuous sneer, and walked off in a pet, muttering something to himself about jacobinism, modern philosophy, and Tom Paine.

" Strange infatuation !" exclaimed I, as he stalked sullenly away, " to determine the station that a man shall occupy in society, not according to the essential qualities which he himself possesses, but according to the traditionary virtues of some doughty knight, who, for many centuries, has been mouldering in his grave.

I am willing to make every reasonable allowance for the chastity of our female ancestors ; and will ever admit that women



were more virtuous, in days of chivalry, than in this corrupted age of gallantry and refinement. Yet, every concession being granted, it can hardly be supposed that purity of blood should be preserved immaculate during many successive generations; particularly when we recollect that, in feudal times, the husbands of these illustrious dames were frequently absent for many months together. Now, should a blooming page, of plebeian extraction, have been admitted to the bed of the disconsolate fair, the blot in the escutcheon is no less real, than if it had been publicly sanctioned by the matrimonial tie; thus, granting that hereditary worth descends, like water, in an unpolluted current from the chrystalline source, there are odds that it mixes, sooner or later, with some turbid torrent, to vitiate its limpid stream. At all events, therefore, the boasted fabric of genealogical pride rests upon no better foundation than that of female constancy; and we leave the reader

to decide upon the intrinsical value of that. Yet in courts, and chapters, and matrimonial contracts, it is not a faultless person, nor a faultless character, but a faultless pedigree that is required. Nay, so far does this prejudice extend, that could a being be found, who united the divine proportions of the Belvidere Apollo, to the wisdom of Socrates, the probity of Aristides, the taste of Pericles, the valor of Pelopidas, and the commanding eloquence of Demosthenes; yet, should a single flaw be found in his pedigree, he would assuredly be rejected, as a son-in-law, by the most enlightened noble of Germany,

## CHAP. II.

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The gipsey.

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A play, at the seminary, was invariably the prelude to a vacation ; and the day being now arrived when all public exercises were suspended, Frederic accompanied his friend on a visit to his father, at Dallenberg. While stopping to bait their horses, a gipsey passed the inn, and insisted upon telling their fortunes. Though they at first objected, from a laudable disinclination to encourage impostors, they were compelled, at length, to consent.

“ Odds my life,” cried the woman, with a look of joy, as she examined Steinfeld’s hand, “ what pretty things do I see ; sacks of gold, and stores of happiness ! long life and a sound constitution ! high honours, and a plump, bonny bride ;

such an one as you don't meet with every day ;—aye, and a dozen as fine bairns as a body ever set eyes on : There's a fortune for a prince, my pretty gentleman, and deserves to be rewarded with a ducat."

Theodore's turn came next ; and as he opened his hand, she started back, with an expression of horror, " Would to heaven" said the wrinkled hag, " that I could give thee a little comfort too ; but the lines run sadly cross : cares and sufferings, disappointment, and death ; a bride without a wedding, and an early grave. Courage, my poor young gentleman, for courage helps a man through many a muddy water : my heart bleeds for you, for I see you are good, yet the fault's not mine, for we are forced to tell all that's put into our mouths ; but I'll not take a farthing from you, for bad luck is your's."

With these words she quitted him abruptly ; when the two friends, getting into their carriage, continued their journey.



without thinking any more about the gipsy or her prophecies.

As Theodore approached his native village, every bush and tree recalled to his recollection some infantine amusement, and he was relating to his friend many little anecdotes, to which pleasing remembrances gave a particular interest, when, at a turn of the road, they met Theresa. Theodore no sooner saw her, than leaping out of the chaise, he rushed into her arms, while the amiable girl shed tears of joy, as she pressed her brother to her bosom.

When recovered a little from his first emotions, our hero introduced his friend. Theresa received him with an enchanting smile, that penetrated instantly to his heart; yet her behaviour, though natural, was not entirely free from embarrassment. This restraint however, wore gradually off, and made way for that playful gaiety, which formed her greatest charm. At length, assuming a more familiar tone, she told Frederic that he, in most respects, answered the idea

which she had previously formed of his person, though not in all, leaving him with female malice, to divine, whether the difference was in his favor or not.

Old Rosenthal met them at the door with the unstudied welcome of a generous heart. But nature being his guide in every transaction of life, his son for a moment engrossed his whole attention, nor was it till after he had pressed him tenderly in his paternal arms, that he could give a hearty greeting to the young baron. The family were all assembled upon the occasion. Charles received his brother with greater kindness than usual, but Priscilla, assuming a stiff and formal air, appeared offended that the attentions of the noble stranger should be directed to any one except herself. While William made an effort to conquer his natural indolence, and yawned out a compliment with half-closed eyes.

During the remainder of the day the old man seemed in the highest spirits, and indulging in the loquacity which is natural to

age, related various incidents of his youth, to which his children listened with as much apparant interest, as if they had never heard them before. Whenever Theresa quitted the room, she became the object of his commendation, and while he dwelled with pleasure upon her many virtues, he returned thanks to Providence, with unaffected piety, for having bestowed such a blessing on his declining years. To these encomiums her brothers agreed according to their different characters. Theodore assented with all the warmth of affection; William, with a degree of indifference that left it doubtful, whether he spoke of his horse or his sister; while Charles's confirmation was rather that of propriety, than of feeling.

But Priscilla preserved a haughty silence, playing carelessly with her fan, as if she thought the subject unworthy of her attention; though she sometimes bit her lip, through an involuntary emotion of envy.

The weather being fine, they passed the evening in the orchard. Theodore climbed

the trees, and shook down the fruit, which was picked up by Frederic and Theresa ; while the latter, giving way to her lively imagination, amused them both by the sportive sallies of her wit. These rustic labors finished, they partook of a frugal repast in the bower, as was generally the case on days of mirth and festivity ; and so rapidly did the hours glide away, amidst the sweet effusions of gaiety and affection, that the village clock struck twelve, before they thought of retiring to rest.

The young baron, of course, was lodged in the best apartment ; where every thing had been prepared by Theresa herself, with the attention due to her brother's friend. She had, however, the good sense never to outstep the modesty of nature, but to adhere in every branch of domestic economy, to propriety of situation, of which the invariable characteristics were neatness, comfort, and humility.

Frederic was wakened at an early hour by the voice of Theresa, who was singing and

playing in an adjoining room. Hurrying on his clothes, he hastened to her, and found her at her harpsichord; but as he entered, she shut her book. By his intreaties, however, he prevailed upon her to continue, and she played till breakfast. Her voice, though naturally melodious, was neither improved, nor spoilt by art, and she sang with that delicate expression which never fails to please, and which must be preferred by all, but a finished connoisseur, to the extravagant screams of professional execution.

## CHAP. III.

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*Vergis mein nicht.\**

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When the coffee was removed, Theresa proposed to Steinfeld and her brother to devote the morning to walking, that the former might be made acquainted with the picturesque scenery, in which the adjacent country abounded. This proposal was readily accepted, and as they wandered through a romantic valley, by the side of a winding rivulet, she discovered, on a high bank, several of those beautiful flowers, which are called, in German, *vergis mein nichten*; and having expressed some regret that they were out of her reach, Frederic flew eagerly to gather them: the ascent was rapid, and a bough on which he depended giving way, he fell backwards with violence, and bruised his

\* In English, *forget me not*.

hand against the projecting rock : Theresa screamed, and turned pale, but Steinfeld recovering himself, mounted the bank, and gathered the flower, saying, in a tender tone, as he presented it, *vergis mein nicht.*

With a look of ineffable sweetness, she took a ribbon from her bosom, to bind round his wrist, which was sprained in the fall, while Frederic assured her, with more gallantry than usual, that he should value the scar as long as he lived.

Passing through a village, in their return, they met a funeral, followed by a crowd of peasants, on whose artless features the language of sorrow was imprinted in characters too strong for hypocrisy to counterfeit. Upon enquiring the name of the deceased, they were informed that he was a sober and industrious youth, and that he had been carried off by a fever, just as he was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, to whom he had been long attached. “ At yon win-



dow," continued the weeping biographer, "stand his father and disconsolate mother. They would fain have accompanied him to the grave; but when they saw the coffin leave the house, they fainted, through excess of grief. Poor creatures! they are now taking a farewell look, and a melancholy sight it is. For never had parents a more affectionate child."

"That it is, indeed," said Theodore, giving way to his emotion, "for what earthly affliction can be so great as to lose a virtuous and obedient child."

"Perhaps, my friend," rejoined Frederic, looking tenderly at Theresa, "you may one day discover that there are ties more dear even than those of parental love."

A piercing shriek prevented him from continuing; when, raising his eyes, he beheld the wretched mother, wringing her hands in an agony of grief, while her looks were directed towards heaven, as if to implore a speedy union with her son. Her



husband stood by her side, motionless as a statue: not a muscle moved; but his eyes fixed, his arms folded, his mouth half opened, pourtrayed the sorrow that was concentrated at his heart.

They had now reached the grave, and were upon the point of committing the body to its native dust, when a beautiful woman, in the prime of youth, dressed in mourning, her hair dishevelled, and her countenance expressive of the keenest sorrow, burst through the croud; throwing herself on the bier. "My William, my William," she exclaimed, "art thou for ever gone? torn from me for ever, thou wedded of my soul? can thine Anna's voice no more revive thee? O God! the best, the tenderest, the most faithful of men!—To-morrow was fixed for our wedding-day; to-morrow would have made me thine for ever—Yet, still they shall not part us; our hearts were joined by ties indissoluble, and nothing, nothing shall separate us."

With these words she leaped into the grave, and fainted; in which sad state she was carried home, without giving any signs of returning life

Theresa was so deeply affected at this distressful scene, that she could turn her thoughts to no other subject: "What a pang it must be" said she, with a half stifled sigh, "to lose the person one so dearly loves."

"Severe, indeed," replied Frederic, taking her by the arm, and leading her from the spot, "Yet still" added he, in a faltering voice, "there is a melancholy consolation in being beloved."

The rest of the evening passed less gaily than the preceding one, the conversation in general, assuming a serious tone. During supper, Theresa frequently directed her looks towards Steinfeld, but blushing cast them down again, if, by chance, they encountered his. When the cloth was removed, she sat down to her harpsichord, but none but the plaintive notes of sorrow

would her heart allow her to express. Having concluded with Klopstock's celebrated chorus, her father observed that it was one of the sublimest compositions he had ever heard, and that he wished it to be sung over his grave. "God forbid," exclaimed the amiable girl, with an effusion of tenderness, which penetrated to Steinfield's heart, "that I should live to witness that melancholy ceremony." She could say no more, but left the room in tears.

Frederic was particularly struck with the expression of her countenance, and could not sleep the whole night for thinking of her. "What an angel!" cried he to himself; "and how supremely happy must that man prove whom she blesses with her love."

It would be trifling too much with the reader's patience, to give an accurate detail of the uniform transactions of every day. Reading, walking, and conversation, diversified the scene; but never did Frederic either read, walk, or converse with Theresa,

without discovering fresh cause for admiration. Whenever she quitted the room, he followed her with his eyes ; appeared silent and dejected, if her absence proved longer than he expected : but no sooner did she enter, than his spirits revived, and every object brightened with the glowing colours of love : nor was Theresa insensible to his merit, but cherished a secret flame, before she was aware of her danger.

In one of their evening rambles, she proposed to Steinfeld to visit Windenheim. They traversed a grove of pines, intermixed with stately oaks, whose rude and antique branches were so closely interwoven, as nearly to exclude the sun, and to give an awful grandeur to the solemn landscape.

“ What a spot,” exclaimed our hero, enraptured with the picturesque scenery, “ would this be for a hermit to inhabit ; and how preferable would be his existence here, to all the pomp and bustle of the busy world ; for nothing would in-

interrupt his meditations, or recall his soul from the contemplation of its Creator."

*Theresa.* Do you imagine, brother, that no one is an admirer of solitude except yourself. Believe me, I am equally fond of it, and will build me a cell near your's. But then, I could not do without a garden, and should want a tame lamb or two, into the bargain.

*Steinfeld.* You would have no objection, I conclude, at proper seasons, to receive a visit from a friend; in which case, I should also wish for a hut in the neighbourhood.

*Theresa.* That follows of course, for I would banish none but busy intruders.

*Steinfeld.* How delightfully would the time pass between study and conversation, for we would visit each other every evening.

*Theresa.* Not too often, if you please, for fear of quarrelling: I am a humoursome girl; and if I may judge of your charac-

ter, upon so short an acquaintance, it is not quite free from caprice.

*Theodore. (half peevishly)* I do not see what necessity there would be for disagreeing. But should that be the case, I shall take care to get out of your way, and build my hermitage on the summit of yonder hill, where Klopstock and nature will amply compensate for every privation.

Thus they continued to erect their airy castles, till they arrived at Windenheim ; yet, for Theodore, they were far from being the baseless fabrics of the imagination, for he treated the subject seriously, and had realised the whole plan in his fertile fancy. Already he beheld a rustic altar rising behind his cell, round which they all assembled with the orient sun, to offer up their praises and thanksgivings to the Almighty Creator of that resplendent luminary. He anticipated the visits of the good Father Anthony, and contemplated him, in idea, imparting a paternal blessing to the little flock. He saw it, and

was happy ; but it was like the transient felicity of a dream ; for the playful gaiety of his sister too soon destroyed the pleasing vision, convincing him that theirs were the creations of fancy, which leave not a trace behind.

The good old priest met them at the garden gate, and after bestowing a bow upon the baron, and a smile on Theresa, he complimented Theodore upon his improvement. “ He is so grown,” said the worthy man, “ that positively I should not have known him, had I found him in any other company but that of his sister.”

Being made acquainted with Frederic’s name, he expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing him, as he had formerly been acquainted with his mother. “ She was the best of women,” said he, “ and never did I appeal in vain to her benevolent heart in favour of distress. She would often send for me, and always appeared pleased with my company ; but this I do not attribute to any personal merit of my



own; on the contrary, I am persuaded that she valued me only because I seldom went to the house, without pointing out some fresh object of charity, and thus affording her another opportunity to indulge the natural generosity of her heart. You were then a child, but I can see you still, in your green hussar jacket, riding a wooden horse. Once, I recollect your coming into the room, when I was present, to ask for a piece of cold meat, in order to give it to a poor hungry child, that was begging at the door. This little incident made a lasting impression on my mind, and I loved you for it. Yet how could you be otherwise than charitable, when educated by such a mother?"

Frederic was enchanted with the good man's conversation; for nothing could be so grateful to his feelings as this unexpected tribute to a mother whom he adored.

The worthy priest now turning to Theresa, introduced to her a little girl, about seven years old, saying this is the niece I



mentioned to you the other day; she is just come to live with me. I would willingly have taken her brother also, but I am growing old, and have need of repose. Fortunately, however, this is a quiet, docile child, attends to all I say, and is ready to learn whatever I can teach her."

Theresa took the infant on her knee, caressing it with an expression of tenderness that captivated the heart of Steinfeld; who knew not which most to admire, her condescending attention to playful childhood, or her respectful reverence towards venerable age.

It was late before they quitted the parsonage; and, as they returned, the sun was already sinking behind the western hills. Its departing rays diffused a pale yellow tint over the whole horizon; and, as they traversed the skirts of the forest, a melancholy silence prevailed, like that of death. Not a bough was agitated by the evening breeze; nor did a sparrow twitter from the

decaying shed. Inspired with sentiments analogous to the awful scene, they trod with caution, as if fearful of disturbing the repose of nature, by the accidental rustling of a leaf.

Frederic appeared pensive, and absent. His bosom was agitated by the tenderest emotions. He pressed Theresa's hand with a half-stifled sigh, and as he raised his eyes, he saw a tear glisten in her's. That moment was decisive. They both were convinced that their attachment was mutual, though their feelings were too powerful for words to express.

## CHAP. IV.

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Which we would recommend to the perusal of all princes and ministers, before they rashly engage in a war.

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“ What an angel is your sister !” Exclaimed Steinfeld, when left alone with his friend.

“ I am glad that she pleases you,” replied Theodore with an arch look ; “ but to-morrow you shall see an angel of a different species ; as my father has planned a visit to an old friend, who is the bailiff of an adjacent district, and lives about four miles from hence, with whose wife I expect you to be enchanted.” So saying, he quitted the room, and Frederic retired to rest.

In the course of the following day major Nordheim came, accompanied by a young lieutenant who was likewise a prisoner of

war. The major possessed, in an eminent degree, that frankness of character which is more frequently to be met with in a well-bred soldier, than in any other profession, and which is equally remote from the pert loquacity of the lawyer, and the sententious gravity of the divine.

With a person of this description, it is impossible not to be acquainted at first sight, as he enjoys the happy talent of putting every body at his ease. Even Theodore, diffident as he was, felt no longer timid, but already treated his sister's friend with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and before he had been in the house five minutes, requested to see the portrait of Kleist. Having examined it with minute attention, he was delighted with the expression of genius that beamed in every feature, persuading himself, that he could trace, in his animated countenance, all the fire and sensibility which adorned his writings.

The untimely fate of that excellent poet, gave a melancholy turn to the conversation,

and led, imperceptibly, to the author and hero of the war. Nordheim, like every gallant officer who had shared in Frederic's laurels, was an enthusiastic admirer of his king, whom he justly regarded as the most astonishing personage of his time.

The lively soul of Theodore kindled at the description of his surprising victories, achieved at a moment when his enemies believed his destruction inevitable, and which were entirely due to the inexhaustible resources of a mind, whose faculties expanded with the perils that surrounded him. Giving way to the impulse of the moment, our hero remarked, with a look of envy, that the situation of an officer, in a triumphant army, must be highly gratifying to an ambitious mind.

“ Much less so, than you imagine, my young friend,” replied the gallant major, assuming an air of solemnity. “ When beheld at a distance, the picture fascinates, for the spectator considers only the general

effect, and brilliant colouring, but is inattentive to the minuter details.

“ War, believe me, is a state of constant suffering to a man of common sensibility, whether fortune favors him or not. He lives in the midst of desolation, and is assailed, on every side, either by groans, or curses. The march of an army, however perfect its discipline, like the destructive whirlwind, sweeps every thing away in one comprehensive ruin. Forced from their cottages, without the smallest means of subsistence, the wretched peasants are frequently compelled to seek a precarious refuge, with their wives and children, in the woods and morasses; while penury and horror are pictured upon the haggard countenances of the few, whose escape is impeded by disease, or age, or who remain emboldened by despair.

“ In the foregoing description, I have avoided speaking of the personal hardships to which every soldier is exposed. For to a benevolent heart, all corporeal privations

must appear light as air, when compared with those which necessity compels him to inflict. Yet of these also you shall have a trifling specimen, and I will content myself with selecting one instance out of many which my own experience would suggest.

“ While we lay before Leigniz, we had not a morsel of bread in the whole camp, during the space of eight days; our only provisions consisting in mouldy biscuit, and flesh so tainted, that our stomachs revolted at the smell, even when constrained by excessive hunger, to devour it with Cannibal appetite. Yet, in this miserable condition, we were constrained to hazard a battle, and a severe one it proved; for we fought for existence, as well as for glory. No sooner was victory decided in our favour, than I ransacked the pockets of the slain, in hopes of finding a scrap of bread; but all my researches proved ineffectual, as the distress of the Austrians was scarcely inferior to our own. Supplies, at length, arrived from Breslau, and never shall I



forget the scene I witnessed on that memorable occasion. Nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the soldiers, who rushed upon the food like beasts of prey, tearing it in pieces with a degree of voraciousness that occasioned the death of many.

“ But it yet remains to consider the most melancholy spectacle which humanity can contemplate.—I mean the field of battle immediately after an engagement. Callous, indeed, must be that man’s feelings, who can calmly view the mutilated carcasses which strew the horrid spot. At every step, he beholds an arm, or leg, severed from the bleeding trunk to which it once belonged. On this side lies a soldier, in the agonies of death, execrating the mad ambition of those whose stern mandate tore him, reluctant, from his native hamlet, and the fond enjoyments of social affection. Opposite to him, groans a wretch, weltering in blood, who, with supplicating cries, calls for assistance, which no one is at hand to administer. While this im-



plores your friendly succour, another intreats you to terminate his sufferings by one compassionate blow, which reason would approve, but weaker nature shudders at.

“ Amid this general scene of carnage and confusion, perchance you find a friend, the dear companion of all those early pleasures, which youth enjoys. He supplicates for aid, and none you have to give.---Can human fortitude support such a trial?—It can ; for I, myself, survived it.

“ There was a captain in the regiment in which I served, with whom I had been acquainted from my infancy, and whom the experience of every succeeding year endeared still more to my heart. As my parents were no longer living, I valued him beyond every thing in the world, and he entertained the sincerest regard for me, though he had a wife and children to share in his affections.

“ The evening preceding the battle of Torgau we passed together, talking over many incidents of life, in which we had

been mutually interested, and delighting ourselves with those pleasing recollections, to which the heart of benevolence can never be a stranger. It was late before we separated. We embraced each other, with the feelings of men, whose fate depended on the issue of a battle; and no sooner had he left me, than, throwing myself on my knees, I fervently prayed that I might not survive him, if he was destined to fall. During the engagement, I missed him, for he no longer appeared at the head of the grenadiers, the post of honor, and, consequently, my friend's. After many fruitless enquiries from the brave partners of his glory, I sought him on the field, and too soon discovered him amid heaps of slain, mangled and disfigured by a cannon ball. ' *Perish, ambition,*' I exclaimed, at the affecting sight, ' *if such be the triumphs it obtains.*' My heart sunk within me, as I tore myself away from the fatal spot. This was the most afflicting trial that I had yet experienced, but I was soon to encounter

one still more severe. For, as I returned to the camp, I met his wife, wandering about, as I had done myself, in search of some intelligence concerning her husband, and agitated by a thousand contending emotions at the mysterious answers which she received. ‘*Where is he,*’ she eagerly exclaimed, the moment she saw me. I could not answer. Not all the treasures this earth contains, would have tempted me to speak: yet, alas! my countenance too plainly declared the fatal truth. ‘*He is no more,*’ she cried, in an agony of despair, and sunk, motionless, at my feet. —But, in pity to your feelings, let me draw a veil over this affecting scene.

“ You see, my young friend, that a soldier’s heart ought to be made of adamant, equally inaccessible to the sympathies of friendship, and the tender ties of love. Yet, what is life without them? or glory, that man should purchase it at so extravagant a price? At your age, I was captivated by the splendid vision, but I have

now discovered the delusion, and, at the return of peace, shall exchange my uniform for the more solid comforts of domestic life."

The lieutenant seemed of a different opinion, for he thought the army a most delightful profession, regimentals a most becoming dress, and swore that the attractions of a plume and cockade when joined to a handsome figure were perfectly irresistible.

In this style he continued talking for some time, without appearing conscious that no one attended to what he said; for while he poured forth a volley of common-place compliments, which he had gleaned from the harvest of many a circulating library, he was so completely taken up with himself, that he had neither time, nor penetration, to discover that they made not the smallest impression on Theresa. Yet he never quitted her side, for he was possessed of no common share of that amiable quality, which those who possess it not affect to

disdain, but which the favoured votaries appreciate as it deserves. For what quality is more valuable than that which renders a man supremely happy, and bestows upon him an abundant portion of that self complacency, which the sages of antiquity erroneously believed to be the result alone of conscious virtue; an opinion which the ingenious discoveries of the present age have proved to be totally fallacious, since it abounds more among the ensigns of the guards, than among any other class of men.

Frederic was naturally of a jealous temper, and though it was impossible for him seriously to suppose that Theresa could be gratified with the attention of such a silly coxcomb as the Lieutenant, yet instead of joining in the conversation, he appeared sullen and silent, breaking off the heads of the flowers as he walked in the garden, and scattering the leaves in the walks.

Theresa soon perceived that he was out

of humour, although she was unable to divine the cause ; but her looks bespoke an interest in his feelings, that ought to have made him blush at his folly. Too proud, however, to confess himself in the wrong, he turned away his eyes with a disdainful frown, and forced his spirits, affecting to appear at perfect ease. This restraint gave an air of awkwardness to all he did, which would have rendered him ridiculous in the opinion of a less partial mistress. Desirous, however, of shewing that he was totally indifferent to all her actions, he left her with the Lieutenant, and accompanied the rest of the party to visit the farm.

Unable to bear the idea that any one should occupy her besides himself, he soon returned to the garden, where he found her sitting in the arbour, and the lieutenant in the very act of taking her hand. He came upon them unawares, and as he entered, a blush overspread Theresa's cheek. No



longer master of his indignation, he was upon the point of breaking out in bitter reproaches, when conscious pride restrained his fury. Instantly recollecting himself, he endeavoured to assume a careless look, but every feature betrayed the anxiety of his mind. Theresa possessed too much penetration not to observe his distress ; and too much good nature not to pity it. Besides, her excellent understanding made her sensible that there is no triumph which a woman can obtain, so unbecoming as that of rendering ridiculous the man who adores her. She, therefore, instantly quitted her seat, directing her steps towards the house, and casting a look on Steinfeld, which plainly indicated a wish that he should follow. But this he would have regarded as a condescension highly degrading to manly dignity ; and being resolved to support the honor of his sex, he suffered her to proceed unnoticed, and walking up to Nordheim, who at that instant entered

the opposite alley, began a conversation on military affairs.

Theresa's mind was much agitated. She waited with impatience for an explanation, and finding that Frederic did not appear, returned in a few minutes to the harbour. The jealous youth, who had watched her steps with unremitting attention, no sooner saw her approach, than he affected to be deeply interested in the conversation between her father and Nordheim, though in fact, he scarcely heard a word that was uttered. The instant that she had taken her seat, he addressed himself to the major with much vehemence, declaring his resolution of becoming a soldier.

“ A soldier !” said Theodore, unable to conceal his surprise at this sudden resolution. “ After what I have heard you say upon the subject, I should as soon have suspected you of becoming a monk.”

“ I once thought so too,” replied his friend gravely ; “ but I did not then know my own inclination. Every day's experi-



ence, however, makes me grow more weary of life, and convinces me that the sooner a man gets rid of it the better."

"A very wise conclusion that," observed Theresa, in a tone of raillery, "if the Baron were only serious in what he said."

"Do you then doubt my word?"

*Theresa.* Certainly not, in most cases.

*Frederic.* My courage.

*Theresa.* Neither.

*Frederic, (impatiently.)* And still you don't believe me?

*Theresa.* No.

*Frederic.* The reason?

*Theresa.* Because I do not look upon you as mad.

*Frederic.* Mighty well, madam.

Having said this he quitted his seat in visible emotion, and walked up and down before the house, till the two officers were preparing to take their leave.

As Nordheim passed him, he stopped to speak.

“ I hope, Baron,” said he, with a smile, “ that you will consider the subject a little more seriously before you finally resolve upon embracing a military life.”

“ My decision is made, Sir,” replied Steinfeld drily.

“ And a most admirable one it is, Sir,” rejoined the Lieutenant, looking at his leg, “ a man with your accomplishments must be irresistible, when his person is set off by an uniform.”

“ That argument is conclusive, Sir,” answered Frederic in a tone of contempt, to which it was difficult even for the vanity of the Lieutenant to give a favourable construction. But before he had time to reply, Nordheim, who was apprehensive of the consequences, hurried him away, upon pretext that they had already exceeded their hour, and that if they staid any longer they would lose their supper.

No sooner had they mounted their horses, than Frederic hurried to his chamber, took up his violin, and began half a

dozen sonatas in a minute. Nothing, however, pleased him ; the music was execrable, and the instrument out of tune. So he tore the one into a thousand pieces, and stretched the strings of the other, till they snapped, after which noble exploit he stamped about the room with impatience, and anger, at his own awkwardness.

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## CHAP. V.

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An explanation.

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Having at length exhaled his fury by doing all the mischief that he could, Frederic sat seriously down to examine the motives from whence this anger arose. And as the enquiry by no means proved such as to justify his folly, he grew more enraged than ever with himself, for having exposed his weakness in so ridiculous a manner.

He now would willingly have given half that he was worth to recall the past, as he felt that this absurd conduct could not fail to lower him in Theresa's opinion, who was herself all sweetness and perfection. Yet although nothing would have afforded him so much pleasure as a reconciliation, he could not prevail upon himself to solicit it. For what could he possibly say ? He had never yet discovered his sentiments to Theresa. What claim had he then upon her affections ? What right to controul her behaviour ? Such were his sentiments at the moment, and such the inferences which he drew. Perhaps a more impartial observer might have formed a different judgment, and discovered that what he attributed to delicacy, was in reality the effect of pride, and that he was alone prevented from honestly confessing his error, by a ridiculous apprehension of thus degrading the superior dignity of man.

While engaged in this investigation, he was suddenly summoned to supper. With

an air of constraint he entered the parlor, and seated himself at the opposite side of the table from that where Theresa sat, eating little, and observing a profound silence, notwithstanding various topics were successively discussed of a nature to interest his feelings. Old Rosenthal, who had been greatly struck with the natural and unassuming character of his noble guest, was quite at a loss to discover the cause of this sudden change, and made repeated inquiries concerning his health, as he could impute his dejection to illness alone. But Theodore was not so easily deceived: for the experience of every day afforded him fresh insight into the human heart, and as he had watched his friend with the minutest attention, he had already penetrated the secret of his heart.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes attending a bad temper, that the person who possesses it, can never torment himself, without plaguing others in an almost equal degree. And this Theresa experienced

upon the present occasion. For although unconscious of the slightest impropriety in her own behaviour, she felt extremely mortified at discovering in Frederic's character so strong a propensity towards caprice. When they rose from table, she took her brother's arm, and proposed a walk in the garden. Frederic followed, though at some distance, engaged in conversation with the bailiff upon agricultural experiments, for which the old man entertained a decided taste, and to which he was particularly desirous of directing the attention of men of rank and fortune, as alone capable of pursuing them with any prospect of success. But after taking a few turns, he complained of the dampness of the air, and made the rheumatism an excuse for retiring.

Being now left alone, Steinfeld continued his solitary walk, absorbed, to all appearance, in deep reflection; and would probably have done so during the whole evening, had he not been interrupted by



Theresa, who enquired as she passed, if he found himself indisposed, since he did not seem in spirits.

“Never more so,” answered he carelessly, and was proceeding with a hasty step, when Theodore, pulling him by the sleeve, obliged him to slacken his pace; and having talked for a few minutes upon general topics, turned suddenly into another alley.

Frederic was again silent, but his fair companion, being bent upon an explanation, resolved to break the ice.

*Theresa.* Something has certainly displeased you Baron, or you would not behave so strangely.

*Frederic.* I was not conscious of any thing strange in my behavior; but I perceive that my intellects are as dull as my sight.

*Theresa.* Come, come, confess the truth, for I am not ignorant of the cause.

*Frederic.* Then you admit that I have some cause to be out of humor?

*Theresa.* That is assuming a great deal more than I am ready to grant.

*Frederic.* In that case, I am a stranger to your meaning. But it is a day of enigmas, and all my senses seem equally to deceive me.

*Theresa.* Be kind enough to explain yourself.

*Frederic.* There can be no occasion for it. You have only to examine your own heart, and that will unravel the mystery.

*Theresa.* From such an investigation I have nothing to fear.

*Frederic.* That must depend entirely upon your own sensations.

Theresa bowed, and Frederic bit his lip, as he was apt to do, when any thing went wrong. During some minutes, however, they both remained silent, till Theresa, resolved to carry her point, and looking at Steinfeld with eyes expressive of the tenderest sensibility, thus resumed :

“ I had flattered myself, Baron, to possess some place in your esteem, and will not conceal from you how much I am mortified at discovering the mistake.”



*Frederic.* Mistake?

*Theresa.* And a very severe one too. For meanly indeed must you think of the person, whom you supposed capable of being amused with the unmeaning compliments of a silly coxcomb.

*Frederic.* Are these your real sentiments?

*Theresa.* They flow from a heart unconscious of disguise, and which not only knows how to appreciate real merit, but disdains to dissemble its feelings.

Apprehensive that she had been too unguarded in her expressions, the amiable girl cast her eyes on the ground with blushing diffidence. It was too late, however, to retract; for Steinfeld scarce suffered her to finish, before he seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed with transport, "Transcendent goodness! Can you then pardon my folly? I feel you can, though my conscience tells me that I am totally undeserving of such angelic sweetness."

Theresa pressed his hand in silence, when Frederic, availing himself of the propitious moment, imprinted on her lips the first chaste kiss of love.

“Are you still angry?” said she, after a short pause.

*Frederic.* Is it possible that you can ask such a question?

*Theresa.* Very possible. For I cannot feel satisfied with myself, till I am convinced you no longer suspect me.

*Frederic.* Not a word more, I conjure you, upon a subject which overwhelms me with shame, and confusion.” And having said this the reconciliation was sealed with a second kiss.

The moon shone bright, and beamed, with all its splendor, full on Theresa’s countenance, as she sat on the sloping bank, musing in silence on the uncertainty of her future fate, and contemplating the many obstacles, which pride and prejudice opposed to the accomplishment of her fondest wishes. Steinfeld was also lost in

thought, while his heart was absorbed in sensations too exquisite to be expressed. But they were the feelings of innocence; unlike to those which agitate your breasts, ye fashionable votaries of pleasure, and were productive of more pure delight, than ye are destined to taste in the luxurious course of your sensual career, though you smile at the security of this virtuous pair. By you, perhaps, the full confidence of affection had been repaid with ingratitude. But, fortunately, Frédéric was not a man of the world, and had been educated with principles of HONOR. Nay, start not at the expression. My pen was never taught to flatter; but invariably devoted to the cause of truth, it shall proclaim the deformity of vice, though concealed under the specious trappings of fashion, and refinement. Nor does it hesitate to pronounce that man, a recreant to the laws of honor, who sacrifices unsuspecting innocence at the shrine of pleasure, although he may plead the

example of an abandoned age, or defy its censure with his sword.

Our lovers, however, were not suffered long to enjoy their pleasing reverie ; for Theodore, having no passion to keep him warm, grew sensible of the chilling damps of an autumnal evening, and running up to his sister, inquired if she believed herself in Arcadia ?

“ We were so deeply engaged in conversation,” she replied, “ that we were not aware how rapidly the moments passed. But you, who had nothing to occupy you—”

*Theodore.* Nothing to occupy me ? How often then is it necessary for me to repeat, that I am never less at a loss for employment, than when I am alone ?

*Frederic.* You were certainly intended by nature for a philosopher, and it is a sad pity you were not born some centuries sooner, as you would have made an admirable disciple for Pythagoras.

*Theodore.* You may laugh as much as you please, but I would not exchange the

gratifications which enthusiasm affords, for all the boasted pleasures of the world. A convent or a hermitage are the only habitations for a pure, and elevated soul.

Theresa smiled at Frederic, as she rose to depart, but forebore any further remarks, from an unwillingness to destroy the airy edifice of imagination.

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## CHAP. VI.

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Proofs of sisterly affection.

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PROPRIETY, if not inclination, inducing our hero to visit his new sister, the ensuing morning was accordingly dedicated to that purpose. Priscilla received them with studied civility, but with the coldness that usually attends it. During breakfast, her eyes were incessantly fixed on Steinfeld. She would have willingly

attracted his attention, but perceiving that every word, and action, were directed towards Theresa, she resolved to punish her for the preference. With this charitable determination, she had recourse to the most pointed sarcasms, talking of nothing but the misery of unequal marriages. Perceiving that her ill nature, in some degree, produced the desired effect, she no longer set bounds to her impertinence, but looking the poor girl full in the face, emphatically addressed her in the following words, "How many young women are made wretched by what they call raising themselves in the world? Believe me, we all do best in our proper places, and the vain girl, who seeks to connect herself with a man of superior rank, is sure to be ruined one way or other."

Frederic, who felt the full force of her insinuation, rose abruptly to take leave, and plainly shewed by his manner how much he was displeased at her impertinence. Priscilla was



not a little mortified at losing his company so soon, for she had not yet displayed half the comforts, and elegancies of her habitation; and scarcely were her visitors at the bottom of the stairs, when the storm burst forth with all its fury.

“A fine kettle of fish indeed! Why she’s as proud and conceited, already, as if she were actually married to the silly youth. ’Tis plain enough that he’ll be drawn in, though, I’m sure, it’s a crying shame that your father should suffer such doings in his house. I’ll take care, however, that he shan’t have ignorance to plead in his excuse, and then let him look to his daughter.”

Charles attempted in vain to appease his indignant bride, for he had already calculated the eventual benefit to be derived from his sister’s union with Steinfeld. In the first place, he was persuaded that the family stock would remain undiminished by her marriage portion; and secondly, he anticipated no scanty harvest from the ma-



nagement of the baron's estate. These, however, were arguments which, for weighty reasons, he kept entirely to himself, confining himself to those obvious reflections, which might have silenced a less voluble tongue. But moderation, and gentleness, were not the most prominent of Priscilla's virtues; nor was contradiction a remedy to which she would ever submit. So that after Charles had ineffectually exerted all the powers of his oratory, he was ultimately constrained to give up the point.

In the course of conversation, Priscilla learned that the young people had fixed on that very evening, for their projected visit to Beldorf; she therefore determined to avail herself of this opportunity, to destroy the happy prospects, which she feared might await Theresa. For this purpose she hurried away the very moment she had dined, and finding the old man alone, expatiated on the perils to which her dear sister was exposed, with all the affected interest that hypocrisy could assume.

This intelligence gave a severe blow to his paternal breast, for he loved his daughter with the warmest affection, and valued Steinfeld on account of the many amiable qualities which he possessed. Besides, as he had never conceived the possibility of an union between persons, whose situations were so widely different, no suspicions of their attachment had ever entered his mind. For, according to his opinion of the fitness of things, it would have been just as likely for Theodore to obtain a cardinal's hat, as for Theresa to aspire to the hand of a baron. A thousand doubts, and apprehensions, crowded at once upon his mind, unalloyed by any extraneous particles of vanity, or hope. Yet, thinking it prudent to disguise his sentiments till he was acquainted with every circumstance of the case, he endeavored to assume an air of tranquillity, and thanking Priscilla for this fresh mark of filial regard, assured her that his confidence in Theresa was unbounded.

This was not exactly what Priscilla expected; for, judging of others from her own feelings, she had anticipated storms and whirlwinds; and, consequently, was not a little disappointed at meeting with the calm serenity of confident affection. But the active genius of mischief was not to be discomfited by a single defeat, and returned to the charge with renovated vigor. No one, she affirmed, could think more highly than she did of Theresa's principles, and it was not therefore for her purity that she was alarmed. "But the whole happiness of her life is now at stake," continued she; "and should her heart be once deeply smitten, she may pine away the victim of hopeless love. Nor is this all; for her character may also suffer. The world you know is censorious, and makes few allowances for situations. What then must people think of her attachment for a man, whose rank precludes every prospect of marriage. And of that, depend upon it, no reasonable hope can be entertained; for the old baron is as

proud as Lucifer, and loves his pedigree almost as much as he does his hounds. He is moreover of so violent a temper, that he would set no bounds to his rage, and would rather murder both you and Theresa with his own hand, than suffer his family to be disgraced by so unequal a match."

*Rosenthal.* These I confess are serious considerations, and require——

*Priscilla.* All the vigilance that a parent can exert. You know that I am acquainted with the old baron, and a more determined madman does not exist. When he has once taken a resolution, no power on earth can shake it; and, unfortunately, he has already chosen a wife for his son. So, sooner or later, the young man must submit. You now know my motives for speaking to you as I have done, nor could I have concealed from you their goings-on, without acting contrary to my notions of propriety. No time is to be lost in warning Theresa of her danger, for you may depend upon it, that a courtship like this can

end in nothing but wretchedness and disgrace.

The good old man was deeply affected with all he heard, and having repeated his acknowledgements for her kind interference, and assured her that he would seriously consider what course to pursue, she took her leave with a ghastly smile, and scarce able to conceal the pleasure she felt at the success of her infernal machinations.

Being now left to his private meditations, Rosenthal recollected a thousand circumstances, which served to confirm the intelligence, but which had either entirely escaped his notice, or been treated as the innocent effusions of playful youth. Yet, the longer he reflected upon the subject, the more necessary it appeared to act with caution, for he was neither a stranger to the sensibility of Theresa's heart, nor stoic enough to despise it.

## CHAP. VII.

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Which is addressed particularly to those who are fond of country visits.

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MADAME Schmidt was one of those notable dames who not only superintend every female branch of domestic economy, but kindly relieve their happy partners from all other cares, by a gratuitous sacrifice both of their time and their lungs. Though fully occupied in scolding, she no sooner beheld a carriage than she ran to the door, where she received her visitors with all the punctilious awkwardness of misplaced ceremony, making a hundred excuses for the negligence of her dress, the dirt of her servants, and the confusion of her house, which was unluckily filled from top to bottom, as it was every Saturday in the

year, with mops, pails, and stinking dish-cloths,

“ I often tells my husband,” said the elegant fair, respectfully curtseying to the baron, “ that we lives in a spot not fit for anybody to come to, and least of all for such a noble guest: And, as ill-fortune would have it, you have pitched upon the only day in the week when nothing whatever is in order.”

“ No excuses are necessary, madam,” replied Theresa, with a look of affability, which would have put any one else at her ease. But Mrs. Schmidt, who had long enjoyed the reputation of being the best bred woman in the whole district, resolved not to forfeit that character upon the present occasion, and, therefore, insisted upon their adjourning to the best parlor, though it had undergone a thorough scouring that very morning. Having seated the company in all due form, she quitted the room, leaving her husband and daughters to entertain them: for the former had been compelled to abandon his favorite post



in the chimney-corner, and as his wife would elegantly express it, *to bestir his stumps*.

Theresa entered into conversation with the girls, while their father endeavoured to entertain the baron with remarks upon farming, which were frequently interrupted by his inseparable companion—a pipe.

In about half an hour the lady returned, magnificently attired in orange brocade, with a pyramidical edifice of hair and lace, not exactly fitted to her head. This was her holiday dress, and had been so for the space of twenty years; yet it was but little the worse for use, as it was exhibited only on grand occasions, such as Easter-Sunday, and Christmas Day, or when strangers arrived, to whom she was desirous of paying more than common respect. During the first ten years of her marriage, it had been regularly worn on the anniversary of that happy day, but this custom was now dropped. From what motives we cannot say, as Theresa and Frederic, though ignorant of the fact, never applied to Mr. Schmidt for

a solution. 'A Parisian mantua-maker might possibly have objected to the shape of the gown; nor would a fashionable hair dresser have been much delighted with the paraphernalia of the head, as neither of them were of modern construction. But the richness of the materials in part compensated for every other deficiency, as the robe possessed, in an ample degree, that most essential characteristic of a noun substantive, the power of standing by itself; while the *coëffure* was composed of ribbons and laces of the most durable quality, though it had unfortunately suffered from the heats and damps to which it had been successively exposed; so that being somewhat contracted from its original dimensions, it allowed many a grey hair to appear. When habited in these costly trappings, Mrs. Schmidt might be safely adored, without fear of transgressing the third commandment, as she resembled nothing that was ever seen before, either in heaven, or on earth.

Being thus equipped, she entered the room like a stately sun-flower in all its gawdy pride; and after bowing and curt-seying in every one of the five positions, seated herself by the baron; when, having composed her cumbrous drapery into becoming folds, she thought it time to attend to the rest of the family.

“It is vastly strange, Mr. Schmidt,” cried the provident dame, in a voice not expressive of the sweetest sympathy, “that I must look to every thing myself. Who, but yourself would think of appearing before company, such a slovenly figure. Why surely the gentlefolks will suppose that you have not another coat to your back.”

Whatever might be the poor man's opinion respecting the propriety of his dress, he deemed it safest to submit; for he had been educated in principles of passive obedience, and would have thought as soon of rebelling against his sovereign, as against his wife.

Scarce had her husband withdrawn, than

Mrs. Schmidt began to apologise for his want of breeding, adding, that upon the whole he was a good sort of man, though he was quite a stranger to all *savory viver*. This was intended to shew that she had received a polite education, and was a perfect mistress of French. Her daughters next attracted her notice, and they were also in, what she called, their *dis-habbles*, they were honored with a hint of the same gentle nature, as that with which their father had been dismissed.

Being now left alone to amuse her guests, she exerted all her energies for that purpose, till streams of sweat came oozing out from underneath her ponderous head-dress. For her genius was not of that fertile kind, that she had wit ever ready at her fingers ends. On the contrary, it was with her a painful effort to please, and to wind up her imagination was about as laborious a task, as to wind up a jack, when one of the principal pullies happen to be out of order. Her conversation accordingly formed a

striking contrast with her dress, being composed entirely of threads and patches, selected promiscuously from the *Complete Letter-Writer*, and the *Key to Good-Breeding*. But as in a multitude of counsellors, so in a multitude of compliments there is safety; since it would be hard indeed if some of them did not suit with every character and constitution.

At length the door opened, and the master of the house appeared *sed quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* Who had lately quitted the parlor. Though to confess the truth, he had as little to do with Hector, as the chaste partner of his bed had with Andromache; and that, God knows, was little enough. He had, however, undergone a complete metamorphose. The crimson damask night gown, and blue velvet cap, were exchanged for a green coat, a purple waistcoat, edged with silver, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings of the same colour, though somewhat rusty from washing. Nor was the tie wig forgotten, which.

had just undergone its weekly discipline from the hands of the village barber, in order that it might look spruce and bushy at church on the following day.

From the air with which he now presented himself, it was easy to perceive that he expected commendation for the alacrity with which he had obeyed. But alas! how often are human expectations nipped in their bud and never, perhaps, was this profound remark more strongly exemplified, than in the person of the disappointed bailiff. For as he entered with the vacant simper of self-satisfaction, looking round for the approbation of her, whom he feared and honored above all created beings, the cloud, which overspread her brow, was instantaneously communicated to his own, by that electrical sympathy, which exists no less between animals than clouds. Nor was the flash unaccompanied by thunder. For with a voice that would have drowned the howling storm, she asked, "What he could possibly mean by putting on so



shabby a suit? Which," continued she, "is hardly better than the brown one, that you wear every day. I wonder, Mr. Schmidt, that you don't feel the impropriety of these deficiencies, and endeavor to hold up your head in the world, as my connections might enable you to do. Why, there's your blue coat with gold frogs, and your scarlet waiscoat and small clothes, have lain by ever since our wedding day, and would now be as good as new, if the moths had but let them alone. Such a dress would give consequence to any man, except yourself. But you were not born to get on in the world, and all that I can say, or do, is thrown away. Things, however, must go on as they are, and fortunate it is for you that you have a wife, who looks a little after the main chance.

"Very true, my dear," replied the poor man, with a countenance that seemed to belie his words; "but we have all our failings."—Not exactly knowing how he ought to continue, he stopped short in



evident embarrassment, but was luckily extricated by his wife : not, indeed, from compassionate motives, for to such her breast was a stranger—but by that insatiable love of talking, which is peculiar to those who have nothing interesting to say.

Turning towards Steinfeld, with a look of self-complacency, she thus politely apologized for her husband's defects : “ You will, I trust, Sir, have the goodness to overlook any indecorums he may be guilty of, for he has always lived in a country village, poor man : had he been educated, like me, at Augsburg, it would be a different matter. For my own part, I have all the newest fashions sent me quarterly, when our farming man carries his pigs to the fairs ; for it is fit somebody or other should keep up the credit of the family.”

By this time, the daughters were ready to appear—which they did with trembling steps, as if conscious of the reception that awaited them. “ Well, girls,” cried mamma, as they curtsied at the door, “ you

look a little more like christians now." Yet being unwilling, upon recollection, to give too much encouragement to any one, she resumed, with a sterner countenance, "What, in the name of wonder, could tempt you, Henrietta, to put on that frightful cap—when your Circassian turban is spick and span from Augsburg? And you, Jeannette, would have appeared less homely in your lilac and white muslin, than in that old fashioned chintz, which looks for all the world as if it were made out of your paternal grandmother's wedding bed; for mine, I am certain, had never any thing half so odious. It is a specimen of her father's taste, Miss," continued she, addressing herself to Theresa, "for no one, except himself, would have made such a choice; but he came back from Franckfort as proud of the purchase as if he had bought such a gown as this."

A maid now entering with coffee, gave another turn to her thoughts. "Every thing goes cross to-day," exclaimed the

lady peevishly, as Páttý placed it on the table, “and one must either look to every thing ones self, or have nothing in proper order. Why, hussey, didn’t you bring the large silver pot, instead of this vulgar delf? Here, take it away, again; I have no patience with such ninnies, I protest.”

Away ran Páttý, delighted at the reprieve, and her mistress after her, in search of the silver vase, while the coffee stood cooling on the table. Availing himself of this transient calm, Mr. Schmidt ventured to propose a pipe, and had actually lighted two, when the rustling silk announced his wife’s return. Fortunate, too, might he have esteemed himself had it been announced by no other noise; for she no sooner smelt the tobacco than she haughtily enquired “if he had absolutely lost his five senses, to think of smoking in such genteel company?”

*Mr. Schmidt.* I beg pardon, love, but—

*Mrs. Schmidt.* But what? Lay down the pipes, this instant, or I’ll see what’s what.

*Mr. Schmidt.* I'm sure I meant all for the best, darling, and the gentlemen seemed inclined that way.

*Mrs. Schmidt.* Why that alters the case, prodigiously. I beg the gentlemen will excuse me ; but you ought to have told me this at first. Run, Henrietta, and fetch the silver candlestick with the wax taper in it, and some of the best Virginia ; this tobacco isn't fit for such gentlemen, though it does well enough for you ; but you will never learn how to make proper distinctions as long as you live.

Having given this striking proof of conjugal affection, and transferred the coffee into her favorite pot, she condescended to indulge her visitors with a cup ; and was just expatiating upon the best method of preparing that useful drug, when a dirty boy, about eight years old, bolted into the room, and running to his mother, would have hid his face in her lap, had he not been prevented. Fire flashing from her eyes, she started up, and seizing

the wretched creature by its arm, shook it with a violence sufficient to dislocate every bone, "Is this a trim to be seen in, you filthy pig? Why you've no more sense than your papa." With this maternal greeting she lugged away the child, but was back again in a trice, leading Tommy by the hand in a full suit of sky blue grogram, his hair being abundantly floured, and squeezed into a bag. The helpless automaton was now ordered to kiss the hands of all the company ; a ceremony which it performed with as much intelligence, as any pug dog in the electorate.

Fatigued with the conceit and folly of his hostess, Frederic requested to see the garden, hoping thus to be delivered from all further persecution. To this the lady knew not how to object, though greatly mortified at the proposal, because, as ill luck would have it, the yew hedges were actually clipping, and the walks were in consequence littered. However, as no satisfactory excuse could be found, she had

nothing to do but comply, and giving her arm to the baron, would have led the way, when unfortunately her hoop came in contact with a bushy sweet-briar that grew contiguous to the garden door: This difficulty being at length overcome, they gained the terrace, though not without leaving behind some scattered fragments of lace and fringe. During the walk, she entertained her companion with various anecdotes, concerning the carelessness of her servants, the awkwardness of her children, and sundry other topics of a similar nature, no less edifying than interesting to strangers. The conversation, however, was frequently interrupted by her turning round to look after her husband, who was walking behind with Theresa.

Frederic, though at a loss to conceive the motive of this extreme anxiety, attributed it, at first, to over-strained politeness, till closer observation proved that it was accompanied with symptoms that belong entirely to another disease, and one to

which women are peculiarly subject, whose figure resembles that of Mr. Schmidt. It is, indeed, a malady from which neither youth, nor beauty, are totally exempt, but which appears more frequently towards the decline of life, and is most fatal to those who have black teeth, pimpled faces, or stinking breath. Indeed, this rule is so general, that I appeal to the reader, whether among his female acquaintance he ever knew one who was totally exempt from it, when at the dangerous age of fifty she had inherited a large fortune, and with it acquired a young husband.

At the extremity of the terrace, stood a summer house, so ingeniously contrived, that it answered more purposes than one. For while, on one side, it was filled with libations to Ceres and Bacchus, the other received offerings to a different goddess ; so that, according to the strictest rules of economy, the comings-in, and the goings-out were pretty accurately balanced.



In this sweet retirement, they were regaled with cakes and wine, and a thousand delightful odors. But the latter predominating, Frederic made signs to Theresa that he was impatient to be gone, and as she perfectly coincided in the wish, they hurried away, as fast as compliments, apologies, and scattered branches would permit.

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## CHAP. VIII.

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In which the Author affects to be something of a Philosopher, though not according to the tenets of the Kantian school.

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SELDOM does a carriage drive from the door, without the departing guests becoming objects of ridicule to those who remain, though the moment before they were overwhelmed with kisses, and compliments. Their dress, conversation, and persons, are successively brought into

discussion; and happy is the critic who is able to discover the most defects.

This, however, is nothing more than the strictest principles of retaliation justify, since it is fifty to one, but that the dear friends, who have just taken leave are amusing themselves in the same innocent manner, at the expense of tough mutton, greasy pastry, and insipid fish-sauce.

It is not my intention to infer, from the foregoing remark, that malice, and envy, are the master springs of human conduct. On the contrary, I am persuaded that the generality of mankind are ready enough to render any trifling service to those whom they honor with the name of friend, provided it can be done without the sacrifice of time, amusement, or money; which I consider as a irrefragable proof of innate benevolence, whatever philosophers, for the sake of supporting some favorite system, may allege to the contrary.

Now this is an axiom in the establishment of which I take as warm an interest as the

enlightened Kant can possibly do, in persuading the world that the existence of a divinity, or the immortality of the soul, are assertions incapable of demonstration; and consequently that Butler, Locke, and Newton, are little better than old apple women, for maintaining a theory, which neither they, nor their followers, have ever been able to prove. It is not for me, indeed, to meddle with questions that belong exclusively to the Kantian school, but I have my private reason for wishing to shew, that scandal and good-nature are compatible qualities, and the reader shall know them anon. For scarce was our amiable trio out of sight of the summer-house, than they made themselves merry in talking over the follies of Mrs. Schmidt.

“Who do you think this fine lady is?” said Theresa, to Frederic, “who prides herself so much upon her family?”

*Frederic.* Some silly girl, I suppose, who is vain of being connected with persons superior in rank to her husband.

*Theresa.* Nothing like it, believe me. Her father was a working goldsmith at Augsburg, who looked upon the bailiff of Beldorf as an advantageous match for his daughter; though she now treats him no better than a servant. And this I can least pardon of all her failings, as he bears the reputation of being a very worthy man.

*Theodore.* A very foolish one, I should think, would suit him better.

*Frederic.* What say you to admitting her into our hermitage? Where she would make an excellent mistress of the ceremonies.

*Theodore.* Why she would be worse than a tertian ague. No, I think I could dispose of her better, by marrying her to old Werner, and giving his wife to Schmidt; with whom she would be more comfortable than with her present husband.

This being the first time that the name of Werner was mentioned in Theresa's presence, she made several inquiries con-

cerning the family, which were answered by Frederic, with a sly insinuation that he had a pretty daughter, who was a love of Theodore's. But this her brother denied with as much earnestness, as if he had been already of the order of St. Francis; declaring that all girls were equally indifferent to him. At this strange assertion it was impossible for Theresa to smother a laugh, which he resented seriously, as no less injurious to his veracity, than to that purity of mind, which he regarded as essential to the profession of a monk, and which he therefore cherished with all his might.

On their arrival at home, Theresa was struck with the unusual dejection that clouded her father's brow, and waited anxiously to learn the cause. Perceiving, however, that he remained silent, and pensive, she tried to amuse him with an account of the visit; but all her lively sallies were thrown away. Not a muscle of his face could she unbend, though he fre-

quently cast upon her a look of compassion, accompanied with a half-stifled sigh.

That something went wrong, she could no longer doubt, though it was impossible for her to guess the truth. At dinner he had been in excellent spirits, enjoying every blessing of life with a grateful heart ; yet, in the space of a few hours, his serenity of mind was gone. Under pretence of business, she quitted the room, to inform herself if any body had called upon her father, during her absence, or if he had received any letter. Yet all that she could learn was reduced to this, that no letter had been brought, nor had any one, except Priscilla, been there. This intelligence added still more to her perplexity, since she was convinced that, if any accident had happened to Charles, her father would not have concealed it.

The good man retired early, and was almost immediately followed by Theresa. “ Where is your brother ? ” said he as she entered. “ I left him below,” she answered,

“but if you want him, I will fetch him directly.”

“Do so,” rejoined her father; but as she was opening the door, he called her back, saying, “Upon recollection, to-morrow will do as well.” He then took her hand, and, sighing deeply, continued thus, “Go, my child, to rest, but come to me with Theodore, as soon as you are up, for I have something of importance to communicate, and which concerns your happiness, no less than mine.” With these words he kissed her cheek, and having wished him a good night, she retired.



## CHAP. IX.

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A hint to fathers.

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—BUT not to rest, for sleep was a stranger to her eyes. During the whole night, her father's words still sounded in her ears. What could so nearly regard her future happiness? Had he discovered her attachment for Frederic? Had Priscilla awakened his suspicions? For it was evident, from her behavior at breakfast, that she had penetrated the secret; a secret that was almost one to her own heart.

Such were Theresa's reflections, while she counted the lingering hours, anxiously expecting the dawn of day.—At length, the morning broke. She rose with the first rays of light, and, with a mingled sentiment of impatience and apprehension,

paced her chamber, stopping frequently to listen if her father were stirring. No sooner did she hear him move, than, calling Theodore, she tapped gently at her father's door.—He bad her enter, and, with trembling steps, she obeyed. Her pallid countenance betrayed an agitated bosom. The good man shared in all her anxiety, yet duty commanded him to probe the wound; summoning, therefore, the necessary courage, he thus began:

“ You cannot doubt, my dear Theresa, that the happiness of my children has ever been the chief object of my life. You, in particular, I have always treated like a friend, and it is under that character that I address you now, hoping that you will consider me in no other light, and answer my enquiries with that sincerity, which I have hitherto found in all your actions.”

Theresa was so struck with this serious address, that she was hardly able to reply; yet, in a voice scarcely articulate, she

assured him, “ that there was no thought, nor action, that she felt a wish to disguise.”

*Rosenthal.* I rejoice to hear it; for it is then possible that I may have been misinformed, respecting your attachment to Baron Steinfeld.

*Theresa.* I will not deny that I value him highly as my brother’s friend.

*Rosenthal.* And is that all?

*Theresa.* I scarcely know what answer to give.

*Rosenthal.* Baron Steinfeld, my child, possesses virtues which claim our admiration.

*Theresa.* (*eagerly*) Indeed he does.

*Rosenthal.* Do not interrupt me; I am far from blaming this sentiment, since, exclusively of all personal qualities, his kindness towards your brother entitles him to the esteem and gratitude of the whole family. But alas! between persons of your age, esteem is too apt to assume a warmer feeling. Let me, therefore, in-

treat you to consult your heart, and to tell me, candidly, if you discover there no sentiment more tender than that of friendship?

*Theresa. (after some hesitation)* That is a question which I have never yet ventured to put to myself.

*Rosenthal.* If so, I tremble for you.

*Theodore.* I will take upon me to answer for my sister's conduct, and I think I can do so for my friend.

*Rosenthal.* These are useless assertions. It is not for Theresa's innocence that I am apprehensive, but for her peace of mind. Reflect, my love, while it is yet in your power to controul your sentiments, upon the misery to which you may be exposed, by indulging a hopeless passion. (*Theresa started.*) Yes, hopeless I must call it, when I reflect on the many obstacles which birth and fortune have placed between you. (*Theresa sighed.*) Do not conclude, however, from this, that my objections to the Baron are personal. On

the contrary, I admire him sincerely, and, had his situation in life allowed of the union, I would have joined your hands, with inexpressible delight.

Theresa lifted her eyes to heaven, with a look of anguish, which seemed to say ‘ why was he not born my equal, why was he descended from an illustrious race ?’

Her father read her thoughts, and being desirous of extinguishing every latent spark, proceeded thus ; The name of Steinfeld is one of the most ancient in Bavaria, and can pretend to the greatest alliances. Can you then hope that the old Baron will suffer his son to disgrace it by an unequal marriage ? For you can be no stranger to the opinions of the world, or to the prejudices which, in this country particularly, are attached to rank. Plebeian birth is a blot, which neither beauty, sense, nor virtue can efface. Let us even suppose that the friend of Theodore possesses a mind superior to such considerations ; yet, depend upon it, he will never be permitted

to follow his inclination; nor will his family allow him a moment's peace, till he consents to gratify their pride, by sacrificing your happiness and his own.

Theodore regarding this as a reflection upon the honor of his friend, replied, with honest warmth, " That this could never be the case, since no earthly power could prevail on Frederic to act a dishonest part.

*Rosenthal.* Alas ! my son, you know but little of mankind, or you would otherwise feel how dangerous it is to become responsible for the conduct of another, when to answer even for ourselves is a difficult task. But even admitting that the Baron's principles are such as you represent them, you seem totally to forget that he is not, at present, the master of his own actions, and that, by rashly opposing the wishes of his family, he might bring ruin on us all.

*Theresa.* God forbid ! Rather let me

endure any misery, than risk the happiness of those I love!

*Rosenthal.* That is the exclamation of passion, and it is reason alone which we ought to consult. Be calm, Theresa, and examine if your heart possesses fortitude sufficient to break off a connection that must lead, unavoidably, to a thousand dangers.—You weep.---Alas! my child, I pity you from my soul; for I fear the impression is deeper far than you suspect. Yet, it is requisite that I should be thoroughly informed of all that has past. Tell me, then, if you are mutually acquainted with each other's sentiments? or has any promise been given on either side?

*Theresa.* Not a word has been mentioned; he knows, indeed, that I esteem him, and I am confident that I possess his friendship.

*Rosenthal.* So far advanced already? Alas! I fear that the affections of both are equally engaged, and that nothing awaits you but misery.



*Theodore.* You mistake the character of my friend.

*Rosenthal.* It is you who mistake my meaning; for, unfortunately, the decision does not depend on him. His inclination will have little weight in the scale, when opposed to the wishes of a powerful family.

*Theodore.* But Frederic, I am certain, will never yield, nor sacrifice his principles to any one.

*Rosenthal.* His relations have their *principles* as well as he; and, unluckily, they are of a different kind. Indeed, the longer I consider the subject, the greater cause I find for alarm. Yet, after all, I can do no more than advise, and even that is no easy task. I will not forbid your conversing with the baron, as usual, for that would prove an unnecessary restraint, and might tend to increase your inclination. But, if my earnest intreaties, or a due regard to your own reputation, have any influence on your mind, I most earnestly

exhort you to exert all your fortitude, in endeavouring to conquer this ill-fated passion. The struggle, I fear, will be hard, but the sooner it is undertaken, the easier will be the victory.

Theresa acknowledged the full force of her father's arguments, and felt grateful for the tenderness with which they were conveyed. With a look, expressive of the liveliest sensibility, she kissed his hand, while the scalding tears dropped fast upon it. Yet, for some moments, she was incapable of speaking, but at length summoned courage to pledge her word, that she would conform, implicitly, to all his injunctions.

He rose to quit the room, but his heart was so affected, that he was hardly able to conceal his emotion. As he advanced towards the door, he suddenly stopped, and turning towards his daughter, concluded the conversation in the following words :

“ You are now mistress of my sen-

timents, and must regulate your actions accordingly. Yet let me recommend to you to be cautious in what you do, for I should be sorry to offend a person, whose protection may be so useful to Theodore, and who, in every respect, deserves our gratitude and esteem. But, above all things, I admonish you, as far as it can be done without affectation, to avoid being alone with the baron. On my part, I promise never to force your inclinations; but, on the contrary, to make your welfare the constant study of my life. May heaven protect you, my dear child, watching over your innocence, strengthening your understanding, confirming your pious resolutions, and pouring the balm of comfort into your wounded heart!" He could add no more, but hurried away to conceal his emotions.

## CHAP. X.

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In which nothing happens, but what the reader would naturally expect.

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Theresa's feelings were so worked upon, that she dreaded to meet her lover, and determined accordingly to retire to her chamber in order to collect her scattered thoughts. But crossing the passage, she ran full against him, nor did her agitation escape his notice. Taking her affectionately by the hand, he was about to enquire the occasion, when hastily snatching it away, she rushed into her room, and shutting the door with violence, burst into a flood of tears. The sight of Frederic had awakened a thousand tender sensations, which had yielded for a moment to the suggestions of prudence. But when she

dispassionately reflected upon the uncertainty of her situation, analysing each sentiment with the candor and courage of a mind that dares to investigate its most hidden thoughts, she trembled to discover that she was no longer mistress of her heart. It was in vain to struggle against inclination, or to attempt to banish the fond remembrance from her wounded breast. For no sooner had she resolved to meet her lover with studied coldness, than his seducing image appeared before her, armed with the resistless weapons of tenderness and tears. She read in his expressive features the anguish of his soul. He knelt, implored, beseeching her, in the most pathetic language, to inform him by what unintentional offence, he had forfeited her esteem. This sight was too affecting to be endured. Her constancy forsook her, and yielding to the propensities of nature, she reproached herself with premeditated cruelty, resolving, whatever might be the result,

to follow implicitly the dictates of her heart.

Thus the combat, as usual, was decided in favor of love. For love is a most powerful adversary, and, urchin as he is, has been often known to discomfit a host of foes, though led to battle by the wisest heads of a family.

But leaving Theresa to her private meditations, let us follow our hero, whose ideas of friendship were much too exalted to permit him to keep a secret from Frederic; whom he found in the garden, so deeply buried in thought, that he did not see him, till he spoke.

*Theodore.* The mystery is at last unravelled, and you are the cause of my father's uneasiness.

*Frederic.* God forbid ! that I should have done any thing to offend him.

*Theodore.* That's not the case ; but he fears you are in love with my sister.

*Frederic.* Would that displease him ?

*Theodore.* Not from undervaluing your merit; though he thinks your rank——

*Frederic.* Will never, I trust, prevent me from acting an honourable part.

*Theodore.* Of this he has no doubt. Yet he cannot suppose that with your prospects, you can think seriously of a connection with his daughter.

*Frederic.* I will instantly undeceive him. Theodore, I love your sister with the tenderest regard, and would willingly renounce every title, and distinction, if they were obstacles to my obtaining her hand.

*Theodore.* This is exactly what I told him.

*Frederic.* Depend upon it, that if I am fortunate enough to gain your sister's affections, no power on earth shall part us.

*Theodore.* But your father——

*Frederic.* Will certainly oppose my wishes. For that, however, I am prepared. In an affair which so nearly concerns my future welfare, I shall be guided by the prejudices of no man.



*Theodore.* Am I to look upon these as your real sentiments?

*Frederic.* The subject is too important to be treated lightly, nor is it my character to dissemble. You are now acquainted with my feelings, but to your sister's I am still a stranger.

*Theodore.* Can you doubt her esteem?

*Frederic.* Esteem is a cold expression. It is a warmer sentiment that I wish to inspire.

*Theodore.* In neither case you have reason to complain.

*Frederic.* Ecstatic sounds! Nothing can then prevent me from being the most blest of mortals. Come, my friend, let us hasten to her, for every moment appears an age, till I hear the delightful confession from her own sweet lips.

*Theodore.* Let me intreat you to moderate this impetuosity, since one rash action might be fatal. For were your father to be made acquainted with

your attachment, who can say to what lengths his resentment might carry him?

*Frederic.* How is it possible that he should know it, when he is even ignorant of my being here.

*Theodore.* The discovery is perhaps less improbable than you imagine. The envy of Priscilla is excited by the preference which you give to Theresa, and she is capable of every thing base.

Many arguments, of a similar tendency, were employed, before Theodore could carry his point, and prevail on Frederic to act with prudence. At length, however, his judgment was convinced; and, having promised to conduct himself with the greatest circumspection, our hero left him to communicate to his sister the result of this interesting conversation.

Frederic was no sooner alone, than he began coolly to reflect upon the difficulties, and dangers, with which he was surrounded. When poised in the scale of passion, they had appeared light, and

trivial; but to the eyes of reason they presented innumerable subjects of serious alarm. Though he doubted not his own firmness, yet he could not dissemble the obstinate prejudices of his father, nor did he know with what weapons to combat them. For to assail an understanding, impervious as his, with those of sense, and philosophy, would be like shooting with a pop gun, against a sack of wool.

Hence the prospect before him appeared gloomy, and cheerless; without a single ray of comfort to enliven the dreary scene; and, in the bitterness of grief, he cursed those factitious distinctions, which separated him from the idol of his soul. Yet, however involved in obscurity the future might appear, he animated his courage, by looking forward to the reward of unshaken constancy, and solved every difficulty by exclaiming, she shall be mine! in spite of fortune she shall!

Convinced, however, that the greatest precautions would be required, he resolved

to open his mind to old Rosenthal, and to be guided entirely by his advice, for his own observation had convinced him, that although the bailiff's understanding was little cultivated by the pursuits of literature, it was naturally strong, and capable perhaps of affording more useful counsel, than if it had been subtilised by all the refinements of metaphysics.

No sooner was this plan arranged, than he descended into the parlor, where he found Theresa alone, whose swollen eyes, and pallid cheeks, betrayed the anxiety of her mind. He was forcibly struck with the alteration which had taken place, in the course of a single night, and inquired tenderly into the cause. But only vague and evasive answers were returned. Perceiving that her timidity got the better of every other feeling, he ventured at length to request, that in the course of the morning, she would grant him an hour's serious conversation.

Theresa blushed, and seemed uncertain how to act; but Theodore, who had just entered, observing her embarrassment, replied, we will both be ready to walk with you, as soon as breakfast is over, and we may then discuss the subject at our ease.

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## CHAP. II.

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The prospect brightens.

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Nothing would be easier than to spin out this chapter to the length of a volume; the breakfast scene alone affording ample materials for thirty pages.

The trembling hand of Theresa spilling the coffee as she poured it out; the old man pulling his black velvet cap over his left eye to hide a tear; the anxiety of Frederic, and the sympathy of Theodore; what

a subject would this be for a Flemish pencil! But alas! I have little taste for Flemish painting, and prefer the bold sketches of the Italian school to the laborious littleness of the Dutch. Not the closest imitation of vulgar nature can, in my opinion, compensate for the want of those ideal beauties with which *Rafaelle* and *Guido* abound. Painting, like poetry, is the science of taste, and though an artist may arrive, by dint of application, to copy with such exactitude the bloom of a grape, or the down of a peach, that the wasp itself may be deceived, he has done little towards the attainment of excellence, for it is the triumph of perseverance, and not of genius.

Thus much by way of episode, and now for the walk. Having proceeded, for some time, in perfect silence, they found themselves in a romantic valley, overshadowed by the intersecting branches of stately oaks. Every thing around was calm and silent, save where the distant torrent murmured in its rocky bed, or the tinkling sheep-bell

vibrated through the still air. Seating themselves upon a mossy bank, in a spot which seemed intended by nature as a retreat for lovers, Frederic took Theresa's hand, and looking at her with inexpressible tenderness, said, in a voice which betrayed his emotion, "Theodore has informed me of all that passed this morning, (*Theresa blushed*) and I, in consequence, am bound no longer to conceal my sentiments. (*Theresa turned away her head.*) Am I then doomed to love in vain?—And am I to consider that averted look as a mark of indifference?"

"You wrong me," replied she in faltering accents, "if you think so."

*Frederic.* May I then presume to hope?

"Did I not tell you so," rejoined Theodore, with his usual sincerity.

*Theresa. (hiding her face.)* Has he then betrayed my secret?

*Frederic.* Yes, lovely Theresa, he has given me reason to indulge the fondest hopes. Deign, then, to confirm them from those sweet lips.



*Theresa. (blushing.)* I will not hide my feelings; Theodore is all veracity.—

*Frederic.* Then nothing shall part us. Say only that you will be mine, and all the powers on earth shall in vain oppose our union.

*Theresa.* Alas! you are too sanguine. A thousand obstacles——

*Frederic.* May arise, but perservance will surmount them all.

The conversation continued for some time in the same strain; hope and fear alternately prevailing; till at length they began seriously to consider what line of conduct it would be proper to adopt. When it was agreed that Steinfeld should open his mind to old Rosenthal, urging him to consent to a secret engagement, with permission to correspond.

“ I am concious,” added Frederic “ that it is absolutely requisite for my father to be kept in ignorance of the whole affair, as the violence of his temper cannot be trusted. Yet, if we are true to ourselves, who can

betray us? The event, indeed, is in the hands of Providence, but courage and perseverance seldom fail to succeed."

"That," continued Theodore, "is father Philip's favorite maxim, and often have I heard him affirm, that Providence never deserts us, unless we first desert ourselves."

The spirits of Theresa were not a little revived by the conviction of being beloved by the man whom she preferred to all the world: for let old maids, and moralists, say what they will of the pleasures of expectation, there are certain subjects about which it is much more satisfactory to be quite at a certainty.

Upon their return, they found the bailiff sitting in the back parlor, with a book in his hand, on which his eyes were fixed, but, with a vacant gaze, that shewed him a stranger to its contents. A secret presentiment whispered to Frederic, that he, and Theresa, were the objects which occupied the good man's thoughts, and the moment accordingly appeared a propitious one.

There was a character of sincerity in Steinfeld's countenance, to which it was difficult to refuse unbounded confidence; for while he spoke, you felt convinced that you were reading his heart. It was impossible therefore for Rosenthal to doubt that his intentions were perfectly honorable, for he was himself the soul of candor, and prized integrity beyond all the erudition of the schools.

That his reason assented to the propriety of countenancing a clandestine engagement, the reader may possibly doubt. But his feelings were interested, and it was in vain for prudence to calculate or advise.

He consented also, though with visible reluctance, to a correspondence between the Baron and his daughter; but with the express condition, that he should see every letter that passed. With this they joyfully complied, expressing their gratitude in the warmest language. Though delighted with contemplating the happiness

which he had occasioned, still Rosenthal felt not that pure satisfaction which is the child of conscious rectitude ; for his mind was agitated with many scruples, nor could he look forward to the uncertainty of their future prospects without reflecting upon the storms, and tempests, of life.

“ I have acted,” said he to Theresa, with the tenderest expression of sensibility, “ according to the best of my humble judgment, in a situation of peculiar difficulty. Yet, I cannot say that I feel tranquil about you. On the contrary, I foresee a thousand perils assailing us on every side. Against these, however, it is our duty to guard, so far as prudence can avail, and I am consequently forced to object to the Baron’s remaining here much longer, though I feel equally charmed, and honored, by his company.”

The propriety of this counsel was too evident to admit of an objection, and it was accordingly settled that he should return to Gunzburg, in a couple of days.

## CHAP. XII.

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In which our hero once more appears in his proper character.

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We have for some time been so much occupied with Steinfeld and Theresa, that our hero has been kept entirely in the back ground, or brought forward only occasionally, like a ghost in a modern novel, when the author is at a loss to hobble on. In this chapter, however, he shall again take the lead, and in order that he may appear to the best advantage, he shall be placed on his proper theatre.

“ It would half break my heart,” said he, “ were I to quit this place without seeing my good friend, Father Anthony ;

and this being our last day, I must positively visit him in the afternoon."

"We will walk with you;" replied Theresa, "though I fear I shall be refused admission, as I understand that no female is suffered to pollute those holy walls."

"That is true," rejoined Theodore, "though I should hope that, in favour of my sister, an exception will be made. At all events, I will try what can be done, for I am convinced that the guardian will do every thing in his power to oblige me."

This weighty point being settled, they passed the morning in the tender endearments of mutual affection. The storm seemed dissipated for the present, and with the vivacity of Theresa, her lover's tranquillity was restored. Their fears were now lulled, and they enjoyed a transient calm, treacherous as that which precedes the hurricane. It is true, indeed, that the idea of their approaching separation cast a shade over the delightful

prospect, but it was quickly dispersed by a ray of hope, piercing like the sun from behind a watery cloud.

While engaged in these visionary scenes of anticipated bliss, a messenger arrived from Beldorf, with a note for baron Steinfeld, which he opened, and read as follows,

“ GREAT AND NOBLE SIR,

“ I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of enquiring after you, and your charming friends, hoping that your honor will have the charity to overlook the unworthy reception you met with in my humble dwelling; I say *unworthy*, and it chagrins me to the heart to be compelled to say so. For I am no stranger to the proper treatment, which so illustrious a guest has a right to expect. But, alas! I was taken by surprise, like the town of Schweidniz; though if your honor would again honour me with your presence, I should hope to make a more creditable



figure ; having just received a fresh cargo of sausages and sweetmeats from the first pastry-cook in all Augsburg. Indeed, it grieves me to the soul that they did not arrive sooner. But God's will must be done. And so with all due protestations of the most obsequious devotion, to which are added the humble respects of my ungracious husband, my awkward daughters, and little Tommy ; I remain, as I began, most noble Sir, and Baron, your most devoted slave,

“ JULIANA SCHMIDT.”

Having diverted themselves not a little with this elegant epistle, Frederic undertook to reply ; for the servant had positive orders not to return without an answer.

“ MOST WELL BRED LADY,

“ Though your sweetmeats are less sweet than your compliments, and your sausages less savory than your

wit, we would not have refused to partake of them, had not our ill fortune compelled us to depart with the rising sun. All excuses are unnecessary, for to have seen you is a sufficient treat; and I can assure you, with the greatest truth, that I was never more amused with any visit in my life; nor can I ever forget the kindness and curiosities which I met with at Beldorf. This worthy family joins in greeting you with every friendly salutation, not forgetting your good husband, your accomplished daughters, nor the sweet little Tommy in his sky blue coat,

“ F. STEINFELD.”

This was written so much in her own style, that Frederic did not doubt her being flattered, though Theresa was afraid that the ridicule was too obvious to escape even her dull intellects. In this, however, she was mistaken, since it served to confirm the lady's opinion, that she was a model of

politeness, and excelled particularly in the art of writing a *billy dux*.

Theodore was so enchanted with the idea of again beholding his favourite monastery, that he scarcely allowed his two companions to dine, so eager was he to be gone. In his way to Pfullendorf, he talked in raptures of the beauties of the spot, which he described in the exaggerated language of poetry ; now dwelling with veneration upon the mysterious treasures contained within the walls of that holy mansion ; now painting the patriarchal virtues of its inhabitants. As they approached the gates, he seemed to tread on holy ground ; experiencing a sentiment of enthusiastic devotion no less fervid than that which animated the frantic followers of the pious Godfrey, when they entered the gates of Jerusalem. At length, unable any longer to contain himself, he ran forward to prepare the guardian for the reception of his friends ; but no sooner did he mention Theresa's name, than the good

man shook his head, saying, " Had she been a few years younger, the thing might have been feasible, but now it is quite impossible, without transgressing the statutes of the order. Her curiosity, however, shall in some measure be gratified; for father Anthony and myself will meet you in the garden, from which women are not excluded."

Father Anthony was overjoyed at seeing his young friend again; and welcomed his two companions with a smile of benevolence, which captivated their hearts. " Theodore," said the good man, " I am much pleased to find that you do credit to our recommendation, for we have never lost sight of you, and are regularly informed of your progress."

This flattering mark of approbation proved highly gratifying to our hero. But it was in all respects a day of triumph for him, since every tongue was warm in his praise. Several other friars now joined them, yet he sought in vain for the aged

Gregory, and upon enquiring after him, was informed that he had been dead some months. The recollection of a man so highly gifted with all the milder virtues of Christianity, drew tears from the eyes of Theodore. Father Anthony was charmed with this mark of sensibility, and taking him affectionately by the hand, “ my son,” said he, our departed friend deserved your love, for to the last he remembered you, recommending you to heaven in his latest prayers. The day before his death, he took this little crucifix from his bosom, and desired me to give it to you, in token of his regard. Preserve it, my son, as a precious relict; it will recall to your recollection one of the best of men, and remind you that you have a powerful advocate above.”

Theodore received the legacy on his knees, and felt more delighted in calling it his own, than if it had been decorated with the richest gems. Even Frederic and Theresa, notwithstanding their dislike

to a monastic life, were greatly affected at this interesting scene; for the venerable figures of the aged friars, joined to the pious resignation which beamed from their countenances, operated upon their feelings with such attractive powers, as to silence passion with all its tumultuous claims. For a moment they were lost to the world, and began almost to doubt whether Theodore's partiality towards a convent had not some foundation to support it.

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### CHAP. XIII.

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Our friends return to Gunzburg.

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THE idea of their approaching separation became every hour more painful to our lovers, as their looks too plainly evinced. A thousand circumstances had hitherto occurred to keep up the spirits of Frederic but, at this trying moment, every obstacle

which opposed his union with Theresa, acquired additional force, borrowing a murky hue from the gloomy colors of his mind. He held her hand in silence, while his bosom swelled with an involuntary sigh ; nor was Theresa less alive to the tender emotions of love. Yet there was an inexpressible charm in her melancholy sensations, which she would not have exchanged for any worldly blessing, except that of becoming the wife of Steinfeld.

“ Must we then part,” exclaimed Frederic ; after a long pause——

As he was proceeding the door flew open and old Rosenthal entered.

“ I have many excuses to make,” said he to the baron, with a smile, “ for the disappointment I am compelled to occasion you ; but it will be impossible for you to go to-morrow. The wife of an industrious peasant has suddenly been taken ill, at a village where she was working, and has no means of returning home, unless I send my horses to fetch her. Her husband



has just been here, and I have ventured to promise the carriage, convinced that you will approve the motive, and agree with me, that the duties of humanity are paramount to every other claim.

Steinfeld, as the reader will easily credit, supported the delay with manly fortitude, observing, "that it must be an ill wind indeed, which blows no one any good."

At supper, the poor woman's health was drank in a bumper; nor did old Rosenthal object to the toast, as his heart was cast in too soft a mould to be insensible to the happiness of his children.

As they were walking, the following morning, they met the carriage returning with the sick woman. Theresa was so struck with her ghastly figure, that she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Heavens! how striking are the vicissitudes of human life. A few days since, I met her in the full enjoyment of health, with a countenance blooming as the damask

rose ; and now, how altered ! the lilly itself is not more pale.—What a lesson for vanity is this !’

“ No body” replied Steinfeld, “ could make this remark with greater propriety than yourself ; since no one, possessing every thing that can make woman vain, was ever so free from conceit.”

Theresa blushed, as she replied, with diffidence, “ that if she were frequently exposed to such flattering speeches, she feared that she soon should cease to deserve them.

As the evening closed, their melancholy increased, and being desirous of passing together the few short hours which remained, it was proposed to spend the night in conversation. No father, possessing the prudence of old Rosenthal, could approve of such a project ; but he was compelled to yield to their repeated solicitations, and promised to join them at an early hour.

Though Theodore had embraced the scheme with his usual eagerness, no sooner

was his father gone, than he threw himself into an elbow chair, and, forgetting every thing on earth, except father Gregory, and his little crucifix, he began to dose; though he occasionally roused himself to throw in a word or two, by way of proving that he was wide awake. Frederic and Theresa, however, were too much occupied with their own feelings, to be sensible of external objects; and long had the thunder broken over their heads, before they were aware of the gathering storm. At length, a violent explosion shook the house.—They started—A crash, more terrific, succeeded, and filled the room with a sulphureous smell. Theodore's slumbers were now disturbed, and, falling on his knees, he began to pray, with as much fervor as if the wreck of nature was preparing:—while Steinfeld, seizing the hand of Theresa, exclaimed, with transport, "If we perish together, the blow were welcome!" She sighed in unison; and, supported by the

conviction of being inseparably united to the object of her fondest affections, her fears subsided.

At length, the elements grew calm, and, a short time after, the bailiff entered, with the unwelcome intelligence, that the clouds were dispersing, and that he had little doubt of the day proving fine. Perceiving the effect that this information produced, he endeavoured to give the conversation a different turn, making a thousand kind speeches to Theresa, and seeking after subjects to commend her. The amiable girl soon discovered his motives, and, feeling grateful for this fresh mark of kindness, attempted to force a smile, but the effort was unsuccessful, and served rather to betray, than hide, the anguish of her heart; for the big tear stood in her swollen eye, like the watery clouds which hang about the declining moon.

“ It is time to set out,” said old Rosenthal, as the clock struck five.—Frede-

ric started up, and, taking leave of the old man in the kindest manner, hurried out of the room, to conceal his emotion. Theresa followed him to the door, he pressed her in his arms, and, imprinting a kiss on her coral lips, threw himself into the carriage, in an agony of grief, and Theodore following, they were out of sight in a moment.

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## CHAP. XIV.

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Nihil humani a me alienum puto.

TERENCE:

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THE heart of Frederic was too much oppressed to allow of his uttering a word. His arms were folded, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the sky, though it was evident that neither the romantic beauties of the landscape, nor the majestic splendor of the rising sun, made the smallest impression

on his mind. Theodore was also a prey to melancholy. The uncertainty of his sister's fate, exposed, as she was, to the malice of Priscilla—the declining health of a parent, whom he adored—and the advanced age of Father Anthony, which almost precluded the hope of their ever meeting again. These considerations gave a gloomy cast to his ideas, and rendered him incapable of administering comfort to his afflicted friend. Being thus absorbed in their private sorrows, scarce a word was exchanged before they arrived at the inn, where they met the gypsy, on their way to Dallenberg.

The first object that presented itself, as they stopped at the door, was a recruiting sergeant, disputing with a poor woman, whose son he had just engaged. The lad, who was more than half intoxicated, at one moment abused his mother, for having prevented him from marrying his sweetheart, and the next, swallowed a bumper, to the health of the Empress,

throwing the glass out of window, in proof of his loyalty and his love. The mother, on her part, endeavoured, by every endearment, to soothe his anger; but expostulations and intreaties were equally fruitless, as he brutally replied:

“Thee may’st thank thyself, mother, for I told thee how it would end. So here’s success to her Majesty, Maria Theresa.”

This was too much for the poor woman’s patience, and, knocking the glass out of his hand, she gave vent to her rage.

“Is this the duty you owe to a mother, you rascal? but I’ll brain you for it, that’s what I will. For to think for to go for to leave me starving, you ungracious varlet. Why, who do you think will plough the field, or reap the corn, or get in the cattle, when thou be’st gone?”

*Son.* I’ll be d——d if I cares. Remember, I warned you, mother, but you only made a jest of me and my love, and when I told you that, if I had’nt Paulina, I’d go for



a soldier, why thou thought'st that I'd no more bowels than thyself."

*Mother.* Come Hans, be a good lad, leave these here mad pranks, and shalt have Paulina at last.

*Son.* Shall I? Why then, if this gentleman permits, by jingo, I'll go home and take care of thee, as I used to do.

*Sergeant.* Two words to that bargain, friend.

*Mother.* Why, you wouldn't go for to take a poor widow's son from her? I tell you, I can't do without him.

*Sergeant.* That's your look out, mistress; he should have thought of this before. It's too late now; her majesty wants soldiers, and her wants must be attended to, though all the widows in Germany should starve.

*Mother.* Shame upon you, man, but arn't in earnest though.

Determined to convince her of the contrary, the son of Mars took Hans by the arm, and was leading him off in triumph,

when the disconsolate mother fell upon her knees, exclaiming, in a voice of terror, "What, take away the only prop and comfort of my age, to be shot, in the wars, thou hard-hearted tiger."

"That's as luck will have it," replied the sergeant, roughly, "for there's no avoiding a cannon ball, when it comes in one's way."

*Mother.* God forbid ! that it should ever come in poor Hans' way.

*Sergeant.* Why, for the matter of that, he has as good chance of escaping as any lad of his size, and a fine comely fellow he is. Five feet ten, without shoes. Will make as good a grenadier as any in the battalion.

*Mother.* Hans a grenadier ! Then there's no hope whatever. But he shan't go, that's what he shan't ; for I'll die first.

*Sergeant.* That will do no good, mistress. Such a lad does not come in my way every day. Besides, we lost fifty thousand last campaign, and recruits

grow scarce. So come along, come along.

*Hans.* It signifies nothing talking, mother, I've pledged my word, and must go.

*Mother.* Shan't though. Do, dear Sir, stop one moment: you seem a good sort of gemman, do say what I must give you to set this ungracious boy free.

*Sergeant.* Why this is coming to the point; and, for that matter, I am not harder than another man. So that a hundred florins——

*Mother.* A hundred florins! Lord, deliver us! Why, I had never half so much in all my born days.

*Sergeant.* A hundred florins, or a cannon ball.

*Mother.* Father of mercy! is there then no pity left in the world? Do, good Sir, set him free, and I'll say a hundred masses for your soul.

*Sergeant.* If you said a thousand, what purpose would it serve? Lord love you, why every regiment keeps a man to do

nothing else, and we're not killed a bit the less for that.

With these consoling words he would have marched away, but the poor lad, who was deeply affected with his mother's grief, begged a moment more to bid her adieu.

“Farewell, mother ! it signifies nothing to take on so. It grieves my soul to leave thee, but there's no help for it. Tell Paulina, I never shall forget her, thof I never sees her again. But I couldn't live without her, and so its better as it is ; for now I shall die like a man. Here take these ten crowns, 'tis half my bounty money ; and so heaven bless you for ever !”

He turned aside to hide a tear, and was walking away, when a beautiful girl rushed forward, and throwing her arms round his neck, began sobbing as if her heart would break. With an eye expressive of the keenest anguish, she gazed at Hans, and then at the sergeant, for as yet she was unable to speak, though every

look and gesture, announced her affliction in language more eloquent than words. At length her sorrows found utterance, "Is this," she cried, "the faith you promised? How often have you sworn never to forsake me, thou perjured man?"

*Hans.* Would to God, Paulina, that I could be true to my word! but it cannot be. Mother should have known her mind sooner.

*Paulina.* Then we will live and die together. With these words she seized his arm, with a dignified air, which shewed a resolution to follow him through every vicissitude of fortune.

A frown overspread the gloomy countenance of the son of Mars. He pushed her back with violence; for his bosom was a stranger to every tender sentiment, and had been accustomed to consider beauty in no other light than that of a recreation reserved for the legalised murderer in a captured city.

Steinfeld was shocked at his brutality,

and stepping forward, demanded upon what pretext he refused Paulina to accompany her lover.

Though utterly callous to the claims of humanity, the recruiter was far from insensible to those of interest, and was wont to bend at the shrine of power with as much servility as the meanest courtier in the most corrupt of courts. The manner in which Steinfeld addressed him, plainly shewed him to be a person of distinction. Bowing, therefore, to the very ground, and twisting his marble features into something like a smile, he replied in a tone, as unlike his natural one, as is the refreshing zephyr to the roaring tempest.

“ She’s welcome to go, an please your honor, if she wishes it; though I do not see what end it can answer; for our colonel is a rigid disciplinarian, and doesn’t like to be encumbered with such wenches as these; for the regiment is over-stocked already.”

Frederic inquired the colonel’s name,

and finding him to be a friend of his uncle's, he undertook to obtain his consent ; and Paulina's petition being granted, she tripped after her lover, with a little bundle under her arm.

This adventure furnished an ample theme for discussion, as they proceeded on their journey. Frederic, whose knowledge of the world was formed upon a more enlarged scale than that of Theodore, was too well acquainted with the constituent principles of all civil associations, not to feel, that in the actual state of society, the comforts of individuals must unavoidably be sacrificed to the exigencies of the state. And, therefore, while he pitied the lot of those on whom the inevitable burden was destined to fall, he bent in silent submission to the imperious decree, convinced that so long as vice, ambition, and folly, are essential ingredients in the character of man, it must be his wretched destiny either to perish, or to destroy. Theodore, on the contrary,



was more of an enthusiast than a politician, and could never reconcile injustice to his ideas of the fitness of things. He readily admitted that every citizen, was equally bound to oppose an invading foe; nor would any man more readily have exposed his life in defence of his country, his liberty or his religion. But wars of calculation appeared abhorrent to his nature, and he regarded the authors of them as the enemies of mankind. Nor did he consider the punishments inflicted on Sisyphus and Prometheus, as adequate to the crimes of him, who from the recess of his cabinet can deliberately ordain the slaughter of millions for the acquisition of a frontier town, or the success of a commercial speculation.

While occupied with reflections of this nature, they met the colonel on horseback, to whom Frederic instantly applied in favor of Paulina. "Your request," replied he, smiling, "is contrary to established rule; and it would be a dan-

gerous precedent to introduce, as women are sad incumbrances on a march. But as you seem to interest yourself so warmly in the girl's behalf, I will compromise the matter; though I cannot consent to her accompanying her lover to the army, he shall go home with her to his native village, where they may both take care of the good old mother, and her cows."

Steinfeld expressed his most cordial thanks for this unexpected favour, which far surpassed his fondest hopes; and, delighted with the issue of his negotiation, attributed the success with which he had pleaded the cause of humanity to the all powerful influence of love.

## CHAP. XV.

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Which shews the elder Steinfeld in his proper colours.

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FATHER Philip received them with all the joy of an affectionate father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning the manner in which they had passed their time. To every question, Theodore replied with his accustomed frankness, but there was a degree of reserve in Steinfeld's conversation, which escaped not his tutor's notice. Even the name of Theresa was never mentioned: not that this proceeded from a wish to disguise his sentiments, but arose solely from that amiable timidity, which is the usual concomitant of a first attachment.

Father Philip, though he had abandoned the world, had neither forgotten the

frailties of human nature, nor treated them with stoic contempt. A few days attention, therefore, to the symptoms, led him to suspect the nature of the disease.

“Has any thing happened to you, my dear Frederic,” said he, examining his pupil with an eye of penetration, “that you appear so dejected, and so unlike yourself.”

A deep blush crimsoned the cheek of the embarrassed youth, while he assured him that he was perfectly well.”

“I am happy to hear you say so,” continued the professor, “for I was afraid that something had gone amiss. But I have no right to dive into your thoughts ; it is sufficient for me that your conduct is irreproachable.”

These words were accompanied with so significant a look, that Steinfeld, no longer doubting that his secret was discovered, honestly confessed the truth. Father Philip possessed a mind superior to those little prejudices which degrade the vulgar.

Nor did he think, that nobility could be dishonored by an alliance with worth, and virtue, though unadorned by any of those factitious decorations, which vanity prizes beyond all earthly blessings. Report, too, had spoken so favorably of Theresa, that he could not seriously disapprove his pupil's choice; yet his principles forbade him to encourage an attachment, to which Steinfeld's family could not fail to object. He therefore contented himself with making a few general remarks upon the dangers attending a clandestine engagement, concluding in the following words.

“Beware, my young friend, of allowing love to become the ruling passion of your soul, lest it tempt you to neglect more important duties. For it is a rock, on which young and inexperienced minds are apt to split. Persuading themselves that the woman they admire, was created by Providence for them alone, and giving way to the illusions of a heated imagination, they endow her with rarer virtues, and

accomplishments, than ever fell to the lot of a female ; till experience too late convinces them of their error, and stripping this divinity of her adventitious charms, presents her to their astonished view as nature made her, a wretched compound of weakness, and imperfection, and subject to all those follies, and caprices, to which, in this degenerate state, mortality is heir. I mean not to insinuate that such will be your case ; since love, in elevated souls, becomes a generous passion, stimulating man to every noble enterprize."

Frederic, was fully sensible of the truth of these remarks, and was himself conscious of a similar effect. Since he had been acquainted with Theresa, his ardor was augmented, in every honorable pursuit. No difficulties alarmed his courage ; no dangers awakened his fears. His soul expanded with sublimer sentiments. The happiness of his fellow creatures excited in his breast a tenderer sympathy, and their sorrows vibrated more rapidly to his heart.

He waited with the greatest impatience for the following Saturday, when he expected to hear from Theresa. Though he knew the post did not arrive till ten, he rose an hour earlier than common, went repeatedly to the office, and every time was equally disappointed, at hearing the mail was not come. At length the letters were delivered, but there was none for him. "He was certain," he said, "that there must be some mistake;" and the clerks were requested to examine the directions with greater attention, and to look again into every drawer. The drawers were searched, the directions inspected, but still no letter was found. Theresa had forgotten him ! He tore his hair, and cursing his own credulity, burst open the door of Theodore's room, who instantly threw him a letter. This magic spell at once dispersed the storm, his rage was converted to rapture, and impatiently breaking the seal, he read as follows.

"The happiest hour that I have known



since our separation, was that when I received your charming letter. A thousand thanks, my dearest friend, for that kind mark of your attention. It cheers my solitary hours, and casts a gleam of sunshine over the gloomy scene ; for still does the storm, which preceded your departure, alarm my fears. O call not this a weakness, I beseech you, for it is a weakness which I cannot conquer.

“ The morning you left us, I spent in reading Kleist ! Many passages occurred to please my fancy, but none to satisfy my heart. Since that, I have scarcely opened a book, for I have recourse to more active occupations, as better suited to the state of my mind.

“ My father often talks of you. He loves you already as a son, and I love him, if possible, more than ever, for his affection towards you. The major, also, has been here, but he came *alone*. You furnished the theme of our conversation, and he spoke of you in terms that raised him still higher in my esteem. I know not

whence it proceeds, but I always wish to hear your name, yet dare not pronounce it myself, and even feel confused, when it is accidentally mentioned.

“I hate to repeat any thing that recalls a disagreeable sensation, and shall therefore say nothing of Priscilla’s behavior, though I never see her without being exposed to a malicious sneer.

“I am called away, and must therefore conclude, though I had much to add. Adieu. May every happiness attend you! For such is the constant prayer of your Theresa.”

“How unjust,” cried Steinfeld, in an ecstasy, “have I been! And how undeserving am I of such angelic sweetness! But who can command his feelings, that loves like me?”

“Very true,” replied Theodore, with a sigh, and no less melancholy than true. Indeed, I have often reflected on father Philip’s advice to you on this subject, and now find all his observations verified. Nor can I help trembling for the future, when

I consider the change which has already taken place in your whole character. All your amenity of temper is gone, and has given place to an impatience that brooks not the smallest contradiction.

“Bear with me,” my friend, “said Frederic,” for I am conscious that I need your indulgence.

Theodore embraced him tenderly, for he sincerely pitied his distress. The case, however, appeared a desperate one, and the more he examined the symptoms, the more he was puzzled what remedy to prescribe. The heart, which never yielded to the power of love, is no adequate judge of its effects, and such was our hero's situation. But although he had himself been proof against that dangerous passion, he had unconsciously wounded a female breast, and robbed it for ever of repose.

Werner, as the reader already knows, lived on the most intimate footing with our two friends, and frequently invited them to his father's house. It was there

that the unfortunate Sophia had often seen Theodore. His figure attracted her notice; his conversation excited her admiration; his character sanctioned her esteem. Yet he remained in total ignorance of his conquest, contemplating her charms with no more emotion, than he would have viewed a statue, or a picture. With anguish, and disappointment, she beheld his indifference; pining, in silence, over the secret flame, while concealment, like a worm in the budding rose, preyed incessantly on her damask cheek, poisoning the vital source.

But to enter more fully upon this subject, at present, would be to anticipate scenes, which we hope to produce with greater effect in another place; and we shall, accordingly, leave the fair Sophia to sigh neglected, and confine ourselves, entirely, to Frederic and Theresa. Their correspondence was continued, regularly, during the whole winter, while every letter, that Steinfeld received, displayed

fresh proofs of judgment, prudence, and sensibility. He thought himself the most fortunate of men, for his reason told him that his attachment for Theresa was founded on the solid basis of superior virtue, and that no objections could be made to their union, but such as an enlightened understanding was bound to despise.

Yet, the serenity of this unclouded atmosphere was suddenly obscured by a rising storm. One morning, as the two friends were at breakfast, a servant arrived from Steinfeld castle, with a letter for the young baron, which contained the following lines :

“ THOU KURSID SCOUNDERIL,

“ The divil tak thee, and all thy hures. Thou hast got on a ron seant, booby. But wears the wunder, for thou wert allvees no better than a ninnee. What kanst thou haf to doo with a bealiffes dawter? a lo begarely whenche. But marke me, sarrow, for thof thou beast not wurthe a chearge of

pouder, I'll blo thy breans out, if thee heast any. By God, it's welle for thee that I'm leade by the heales, or I'd bin the deethe of thee awlreedey, thou peetefull varlette. Why, by gingo, thou koudest not haf dun vurs, had'st bin the zun of a vishmunger. Lorde helpe mee, if I'm not asheemnd of my ain flish and bludd. But wun wurde for awl ; either giv up the bitsh, or I'll be damde if thourte aleeve this da fortnite : and zo I'fe tould ure doxey and her vather. Let um luke tot, or it may coost em deerle. For wile I livs on God's eerth, thou shante disgrace the name of Steinfeld. Zo nowe u no mi minde. By gingo, it goze to mi heerte to haf sooch a degenerate zun. Nou, rite at ure perel, or I'll xturmenaet u awl: zo there's the longue and shorte of the mattur. For I nose my dutee, if u doant no urs, u lubberlee lowt. Ise spize evrey vare ; therevor, tak cear vat u doo ; vor, if I cats u nabbin, u'll finde mee as gud as mi wurde. Sweere nefer to thinke of hur agen, nor

to zee hur agen, no, nor yet to rite to hur, or, bie awl the divils in helle, I'll ferrit u owt, and mak letther of ure skinnes, that's wot I will, or my neame is notte Otho Steinfeld."

Having perused this curious epistle, Frederic remained motionless in his chair, as if rivetted to the ground by a magic spell. After a few minutes silence, however, he recovered the use of speech, and throwing the letter on the table, exclaimed, "detested pride! accursed prejudice!"

With trembling hand, Theodore took up the paper, scarce daring to examine the contents. At length, however, he assumed courage to read it, and as he proceeded, grief and indignation, by turn, took possession of his soul. For while the sarcasms, so unjustly cast upon his own family, kindled his resentment, every tender sentiment was awakened by the distress of his friend.

"What, not a word of eomfort?" cried



Frederic, with an expression of despondency, that bespoke despair.

*Theodore.* What comfort can I administer? the diseases of the body may admit of a cure, but for the inveterate prejudices of the mind, there is, alas! no remedy.

*Frederic.* And is this all you have to offer?

*Theodore.* (*gravely.*) All.

*Frederic.* Death, then, is my only resource; for I will never live to be separated from Theresa.

Theodore, who was by this time a little recovered from the shock, and was seriously alarmed for his friend, felt quite at a loss what course to pursue. Reason, however, in all cases, was his favorite medicine, and, resolving accordingly to try its effect, he answered, with an affectation of stoicism, that was foreign to his nature, "In that case, the remedy will be worse than the disease."

*Frederic.* Is this your boasted sensibility?—he paused, in expectation of a

reply, but none was given. Yet, although Theodore continued silent, his features spoke, upbraiding Steinfeld with cruelty, for this unmerited reproach. Nor was Frederic insensible to the rebuke, but, taking his hand in an affectionate manner, solicited forgiveness, confessing, “ that nothing could be more unjust, than to accuse him of insensibility, whose soul was alive to every tender feeling.”

“ It might possibly,” resumed our hero, “ be happier for me, if I had less of what is, poetically, called the milk of human nature. For when the powers of susceptibility are too acute, the soul is exposed to a thousand shocks, which less refined perceptions might escape. Yet, with all its pangs, I am thankful to Providence, for having given me a heart so finely organised, because it imparts sensations of exquisite delight, which repay me amply for all my sufferings, and are unknown to those, whose torpid senses are asleep to all, but the strongest emotions.”

*Frederic.* All this I readily admit; but to what conclusion does it lead, for it is practical wisdom that can alone assist me.

*Theodore.* In the first place, then, you must write to your father.

*Frederic.* What in the world can I say?

*Theodore.* That you resolve to obey him.

*Frederic.* Never, while I breathe, will I renounce Theresa.

*Theodore.* If you are pre-determined not to follow my advice, it is unnecessary to ask it.

*Frederic.* Rather let me go to Steinfeld Castle, and try what persuasion can do.

*Theodore.* The experiment would be rash.

*Frederic.* How so?

*Theodore.* Your father, when irritated, is capable of every violence.

*Frederic.* I care not for his threats. For life is no longer of any value to me.

Theodore made no reply, and, after a short pause, his friend continued.

*Frederic.* If you dislike my plan, suggest a better.

*Theodore.* I have explained my sentiments already.

*Frederic.* Would you then have me abandon every hope of happiness ?

*Theodore.* Certainly not. But if you attend to your father's letter, you will perceive the necessity of disarming his fury, by a feigned compliance. The safety of my father and sister may depend upon it.

Steinfeld took up the letter, for in the agitation of his mind, he had overlooked the force of many expressions, and when he came to the following passage, *and so I've told your doxy and her father ; let them look to it, or it may cost them dearly,* the paper dropped from his hand. He tore his hair. He threw himself upon the floor : exclaiming, in broken accents, " O Theresa ! Theresa !——renounce thee ?——impossible !——be accessory to thy destruction——distracting thought ! "——This paroxysm of passion by degrees abated, when Theodore

had again recourse to every argument which he conceived most proper to soothe his anguish, and to bring him into a more tractable humour. He represented to him the precarious situation of his father's health, liable as he was to such violent attacks, and inattentive to every precaution that might tend to lessen the danger. He then painted, in the strongest colours, the perils to which his own family was exposed, from the vindictive temper of a man, whose passions were subject to no controul.

This last consideration was so strongly enforced, that affection at length got the better of resentment, and trembling for the existence of those he loved, Frederic took up a pen, and wrote as follows :

“ Dear father. (*There's a lie to begin with.*)

“ In my present state of mind, I am unable to make any remarks upon your letter,

which I have just received. I trust, however, that you know me too well to doubt my word, and that you will accordingly be satisfied with my promise *never to write again to the person, with whom you forbid me to correspond. (What a dreadful sentence is that).* My honour is engaged, and that I hope never to forfeit."

" F. STEINFELD.

Theodore took the letter, and ran to deliver it to the baron's servant, with positive directions to set out immediately. For having now carried his point, he resolved not to allow his friend a single moment for repentance.

## CHAP. XVI.

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Fresh proofs of paternal affection:

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No sooner was the letter gone, than Frederic would have given the world to recall it. But that being no longer in his power, he condemned himself for having yielded with too great facility, expressing many fears lest Theresa should attribute his conduct to want of resolution, or want of affection.

Theodore assured him of the contrary, and undertook to explain his motives. “ Besides, added he, “ I will engage to write to her every week, when I will express whatever you may wish to say ; so that in fact you will communicate together without openly infringing your promise.”

From the foregoing hint, the reader will



discover, that our hero had made no inconsiderable progress in that branch of theology, which is known in the schools by the appellation of *casuistry*, and which has been uniformly cultivated, by the church of Rome, as the most valuable part of religion. “There is no rule without an exception,” says the old proverb, and this axiom is still more applicable to the science of theology than to that of grammar. For how many centuries was the wit of man almost exclusively occupied in framing hair-breadth distinctions, in order to elude some positive injunction, without incurring the censures of the church. For, till that happy period, when knowledge was diffused in the vulgar tongue, it was neither heaven, nor conscience, that the sinner dreaded, but THE MONKS.

This proposal, however jesuitical it may appear to us, was not without its influence on the mind of Steinfeld. Having thus arranged his future plans, he communicated the result to father Philip; who left

no argument untried to inspire his pupil with that firmness of character, which he foresaw his situation would require.— With all the authority of a preceptor, and the tenderness of a friend, he insisted upon the respect which he owed to a parent, to the opinion of the world, and to his own reputation.

“ I am far,” continued he, “ from attempting to justify your father’s behaviour ; but you ought to recollect that you have contracted an engagement, which is repugnant to those general principles, that regulate the sentiments of mankind. I readily admit, that in the eyes of philosophy, there are no distinctions but those which talents, and virtue confer ; but the prejudices of the world have attached an ideal value to rank, which it is in vain for reason to controvert ; and while we continue to live among men, we are bound to conform to their ideas of moral rectitude, when no higher obligations interfere.”

Though Frédéric acknowledged the

truth of every position, yet he felt, as many moralists have done before him, that nothing is more difficult than for a man to practise the very theory that he most approves. It is for this reason, that of all existing systems, that is indisputably the best, which teaches us our daily duties. Trying situations but rarely occur, and when they do occur, there is a dignity inherent in the human mind, which enables the martyr to smile amidst the flames, or leads the patriot undaunted to the scaffold. But in the common intercourse of society, the minor virtues are in constant request, for they alone determine the clouds, or sunshine, of domestic life.

The foregoing conversation rendered Frederic more pensive than common; his mind was oppressed with an unusual weight, and seemed to forebode some sinister event. Nor was the presentiment without foundation, since he in a few days received the following letter from Theresa.

“ My dear friend,

“ With an aching heart, and eyes swollen with tears, I begin the *last* letter that you will ever receive from me ; for thus has fortune decreed. Although I am still so much agitated, that I hardly know what I write, I will endeavour minutely to describe the horrid scene, to which we yesterday were exposed.

“ I was working in the front parlor, when two strangers rode furiously into the court, followed by three servants. I did not then know who they were ; but hearing one of them inquire after my father, in an authoritative tone, I opened the window, and was just going to speak, when the elder exclaimed, “ *So we’ve unkennelled the b——h already.*” Judge of my confusion at this brutal speech. I scarce knew what I did, but ran in a fright to call my father, whom I had left in the garden but a little while before.

“ No sooner had he opened the door, than the person who had called me by so opprobrious a name, and whom I presently discovered to be Baron Steinfeld, asked my father if his name was Rosenthal, and upon his answering in the affirmative, he seized him by the arm, crying out, “ *In that case you are a d——d scoundrel, for attempting to draw in my son.*” He then turned towards me, loading me with the lowest, and most vulgar abuse, and swearing that he would be the death of me, if I did not immediately promise to break off all connection with you.

“ His companion, whose name I could not learn, because the Baron called him nothing but Hugo, joined in the attack, and was, if possible, more scurrilous than his friend.

“ My father, who is very warm when he thinks himself ill treated, replied with becoming spirit, that he defied the whole world to point out a single event of his life, in which he had acted a dishonest part.

The character of his daughter, he said, was equally spotless.

“Here the Baron interrupted him, raving like a madman, and declaring his resolution to blow out my brains, if I ever saw you, or even wrote to you, again. My father assured him that all correspondence between us should cease, since he so much disapproved the acquaintance, but added, that he would never suffer himself to be insulted in his own house.

“Upon this the man, whom he called Hugo, burst into a loud laugh, endeavoring by his invectives to stimulate your father to some desperate act. His baseness, however, proved ineffectual, as the Baron answered, “*We have done enough for once, but let the minx scribble a word at her peril.*

“With these words, he pointed a pistol at my head, adding, “*you now see what you have to expect, if you do not comply. This is for you, madam, and I shall have its fellow ready for your father.*” These



menaces were enforced by a volley of imprecations, after which he bounced out of the room, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

“ You may easily conceive, my dear friend, what my sensations must have been. Had my own life alone been in danger, I should have felt indifferent about the event ; but when I beheld my father exposed to the fury of a man, almost frantic with rage, my knees sunk under me, my heart beat with a death-like convulsion, and I know not how I summoned up sufficient courage to avoid sinking motionless at his feet.

“ I have now informed you accurately of every thing that passed ; but the most melancholy task remains to be fulfilled. Yes, Frederic, I am compelled to bid you an eternal farewell. My hand trembles as it obeys the impulse of filial duty--yet dreadful as the separation appears, no alternative is left, and the life of my father will, probably, depend on my compliance.



That I have loved you with the purest, and tenderest affection, God, and my own heart can witness. My views were not ambitious, and I should have esteemed you equally, had your rank in life been humble as my own; for your birth and fortune were the least of your recommendations in the eyes of your Theresa. She prized you for the nobleness of your disposition, she admired your cultivated understanding, she valued the sensibility of your heart. Yet, in making this confession, she renounces every prospect of happiness, for she renounces you. Henceforth must peace become a stranger to my bosom, nor does the world present a single spot, for hope to rest on.

My tears would not suffer me to proceed, but I again take up my pen, to bid you an eternal adieu. For from this moment I must cease to write to you, and never again receive a letter from you. My word is pledged, and in spite of all the pangs it costs, the promise must

slow and destructive. He uttered not a single complaint, nor did he shed a tear; but, with folded arms, and downcast eyes, leaned motionless against the window. A stranger to all external objects, he seemed totally unconscious that his friend was near him, though Theodore wept aloud, as he read the letter. After continuing in this situation for near half an hour, Steinfeld started up, and siezing Theodore by the arm, "Come with me into the garden!" he cried in convulsive accents, "I must have air, or my heart will burst."

Theodore led him thither in silence, for he was aware that the moment of consolation was not yet arrived. The snow fell fast, the wind blew keen, but neither wind nor snow, made the smallest impression on Steinfeld's feelings. Throwing himself on the damp ground, he breathed with less obstruction, though his palpitating breast beat high and quick.

Theodore beheld him with a mixed sensation of terror and compassion. For

while he commiserated his sufferings, he trembled lest his intellects should be affected. Never before was he so much embarrassed what course to pursue, for neither persuasion, nor argument, produced the smallest change. Determining at last, to make one effort more, he put Theresa's letter into the hand of Steinfeld, bidding him learn from a woman how to controul his passions.

Frederic ran it over with an agitation which increased at every line. He sighed deeply. He groaned aloud. But when he came to the passage, where she speaks with such serenity of her approaching dissolution, his tears found vent, while he exclaimed with bitter anguish, " Yes, blessed angel, we will meet again, and look back with triumph on our present trials."

Theodore rejoiced to hear him speak, and endeavored to console him, not by trite maxims of morality, which seldom serve any purpose, except to shew the pedantic apathy of those who retail them,

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Theodore rejoiced to hear him speak, and endeavored to console him, not by trite maxims of morality, which seldom serve any purpose, except to shew the pedantic apathy of those who retail them,

but by sharing cordially in his distress. For there is more of the balm of comfort in one sympathetic tear, than in all the ingenious apothems which philosophers have invented for the annoyance of the afflicted, from the days of Seneca to the present hour.

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## CHAP. XVII.

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With which the Book concludes, though with no brighter prospects.

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Theresa's injunctions were so positive, that Frederic did not venture to transgress them, but when her brother wrote, he gave him the following paper to transcribe.

“ Oppressed as we are by the hand of fortune, what refuge is left us but the grave. Yes, my beloved Theresa, this earth is too confined a spot for souls like



ours. When I contemplate the starry firmament, and reflect upon the immensity of space, I am tempted to believe, that, among the innumerable worlds which turn round this, or other suns, there is a chosen dwelling where affliction may repose.—Else what were virtue but an empty sound ? Every thing here below is gloomy and dispiriting. Yet, when I turn my eyes towards the celestial mansions, the cherub hope, inspires comfort to my soul, telling me that hereafter we cannot fail of happiness. Come then, sweet partner of my sorrows, let us quit together this vale of tears, and soaring to regions of eternal sunshine, throw off this perishable garb. Death is no fiend of terror, when he visits the habitations of distress. Last night I saw him in a dream ; he approached me like the angel of peace, serene, beneficent, and breathing consolation. In his right hand, he bore a wreath to crown the victim of human persecution. He beckoned to me, and led me to a grove more rich



in aromatic odors than poetry are painted  
“ Be this your resting place.” He spoke  
and vanished.—This surely cannot be to  
die. No ; it is to burst the bonds of mor-  
tality ; it is to live, and triumph over perse-  
cution.”

This letter was the artless effusion of a  
distempered brain, and was calculated to  
convey to Theresa a striking picture of  
despair. No sooner was it gone, than  
every link appeared to be dissevered which  
had hitherto connected him with the sister  
of his friend. His whole character under-  
went a sudden change, and he grew every  
day more restless, impatient, and suspici-  
ous. His studies were neglected, although  
he would sit for hours with a book open  
before him, apparently absorbed in the  
deepest meditations. His eyes were stea-  
dily fixed upon it, moving mechanically  
from line to line, yet the faculties of per-  
ception were otherwise employed, and  
were utterly insensible to every idea except  
that of Theresa.

Disgusted with every thing that could draw him from solitude, he shunned father Philip, and his friend; and even when, from motives of humanity, they forced themselves upon him, he treated them with a mixture of peevishness and indifference, which would have offended any one, whose attachment was less sincere. For the former, indeed, he felt a degree of respect, which kept his temper within certain bounds; but the latter suffered severely from this temporary restraint. All his words and actions were misconstrued. If he smiled, he was accused of insensibility; if he looked grave, it was attributed to artifice. Yet so exalted were Theodore's ideas of friendship, that he submitted with unwearied patience, and, instead of being offended at Steinfeld's capricious humor, he was constantly occupied in devising reasons to excuse it.

Theresa, on her part, was not less an object of pity, though she bore her disappointment with greater equanimity, for,

out of regard to the best of fathers, she struggled hard to conceal her affliction. But when she wrote to Theodore, her grief was visible in every line. Yet so rigid an observer was she of her promise, that she not only broke off all correspondence with Frederic, but avoided even to mention his name, except in the following instance, when resentment got the better of prudence. “Priscilla,” said she, in one of her letters to her brother, “is the author of all my misery ; having discovered our mutual attachment, she communicated her suspicions to the old Baron. Of this I have not the smallest doubt ; and my father is of the same opinion.”

The winter approached with rapid strides, and proved a severe one ; yet, in spite of cold, Frederic would walk for hours in the most savage spots, which the adjacent mountains could afford ; while the dreary prospect impressed his mind with a deeper melancholy. If he read, it was those authors

only whose plaintive strains corresponded with the feelings of his own mind. Or if he had recourse to music, the instrument either produced no tones except those of sorrow, or melted into notes of love.

Even in those moments of confidential intercourse, when the claims of friendship resumed their influence, he would converse alone upon the charms of solitude, as if he envied Theodore the choice which he had made of a monastic life. "It must have been a lover," said he, "and one too as wretched as myself, who first resolved to retire to a hermitage. How willingly," continued he, with a deep sigh, "would I bid adieu to wealth and honors, to bury myself with you in a cell."

It was not in the nature of our hero to combat a resolution, which accorded so exactly with his own. Instead, therefore, of employing those arguments, which the difference of situations might have suggested, and representing to his friend the various duties that he owed to himself, his

family, and the world, he listened to him with secret delight, convinced that this pious resolution was inspired from above, and might be added to the long catalogue of miracles, which he had perused with wonder in St. Francis's life.

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BOOK THE FOURTH.

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CHAPTER I.

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To which every lover of science is requested seriously to attend.

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“ It is impossible,” said the philosopher, after having attentively examined the boy's skull, “ that this child can ever entertain a proper sentiment of religion.” “ Impossible !” exclaimed the mother in a fright ; “ Why I'm sure he reads two chapters in the bible every day ; says his prayers regularly both night and morning ; and shall repeat his catechism with any

lad in the parish.”—“ All labour in vain, madam,” rejoined the man of science ; “ for you may just as well attempt to wash a negro white, as to inspire a child with opinions, which nature never intended him to imbibe.”

An assertion so novel, and unexpected, demanded further illustration, and led to the following statements.—

But before I proceed to communicate to the reader any account of a system, which seems destined to produce an entire change in the moral character of man, it is fit that I should anticipate an objection, which can hardly fail to occur, viz. *what all this has to do with our story?*

Now as I pique myself full as much as the gravest divine ever did, upon sticking closely to my text, I shall endeavour to shew, that this chapter is not episodical ; and if the reader will be kind enough to attend to my arguments, the conclusion will follow to the full as naturally as any logical deduction, whatever.

In the first place then, I beg leave to observe, that the scene is about to change from Gunsburg to Ingolstadt. Now it can be hardly necessary to add, that Ingolstadt is an university; or that universities in Germany, are avowedly the seats of every species of innovation; and that whatsoever militates against received opinions, either in morals, politics, or religion, is sure to meet with encouragement there.

This being previously granted, and it cannot fairly be denied, the truth of the premises is at once established beyond all possibility of dispute. Since I will venture to affirm, that no human discovery can be more repugnant to all former theories than that of the renowned Dr. Gall; and, consequently, I maintain, with equal confidence, that it is not improperly introduced, when treating on places of public education.

Nor will it, I trust, be arrogating too much to assert, that it is no less important, than ingenuous, in so much as it



promises, if properly encouraged, to extirpate vice and folly from the world. With this persuasion, I take leave to recommend it to the serious attention of all magistrates, princes, and legislators; requesting that they will never lose sight of it, either in the formation of a penal code, or in the ordinary administration of justice. For they will find that from the first establishment of civil society, to the present day, your Solons, Numas, and Alfreds, have all equally acted on erroneous principles; since what can be more inhuman than to deprive a man of life, when you could have prevented the perpetration of that very crime on account of which he is condemned to suffer, by depriving him of a single muscle.

It is certainly a most consolatory reflection to grow wiser and wiser every day; and how grateful to Providence ought the present generation to feel, for being called into existence at a period of the world,

when all the secrets of nature are disclosed to man.

Alas ! For how many centuries have our short-sighted ancestors grovelled on in mental obscurity, fondly believing that the human mind, like the waxen tablet, is susceptible of every impression.—We, too, might have been still deluded by the same fallacious theory, had not a philosopher, arisen in the north, to dispel the clouds which have so long obscured our intellectual powers.

Give our modern Hippocrates a skull, and he will instantly tell you to what propensities the possessor was addicted, of what attainments he was capable, and to what crimes or vices he was prone. Let him examine your head, and the prediction is equally certain. Such a nerve, or muscle, is of happy augury, indicating generous and elevated sentiments. But close to it another is unluckily placed, which denotes base and sordid passions.—Thus those of prudence and avarice, of murder and ambition,

run side by side, and are connected by so many, and such minute ramifications, that they are not easily distinguished by a common observer; though that of murder is marked by a bolder character, as may be satisfactorily ascertained by an anatomical research. The front of the head being the seat of all the virtues, an arched forehead is characteristic of splendid talents, disinterested probity, and unblemished honor:—While on the contrary, a protuberance on the hinder part, denotes a mean, and sensual mind.

In a word, every quality is expressed by its appropriate muscle, and to predetermine the future disposition of a new-born infant by inspecting its skull, is to the full as easy, as to ascertain the age of a horse by examining its teeth; and it is an office to which every country surgeon will be competent, when he shall have studied the works of Dr. Gall.

The reader will readily perceive, that such a system as this could have served no

better purpose, than to render parents miserable, by prematurely disclosing to them the wretched destiny which awaits their offspring, in this vale of tears; had not the ingenious author suggested a remedy, by which every immoral tendency may be eradicated from the human mind, by a process to the full as simple as that of curing the tooth-ach by burning the nerve. And this is no other than to extract the muscle which indicates a propensity towards any particular vice. Had this useful operation been performed on Cartouch, in his infancy, he might have become one of the greatest heroes the world as ever produced, and, for aught we know to the contrary, have died with an imperial crown on his head. Sylla, and Robespierre, might also have been converted into worthy members of society; and have been as much celebrated for their benevolence, as the *Chancelier de l'Hospital*, or the Man of Ross. A thousand instances of a similar nature will immediately occur to the reader, if he has the smallest

acquaintance with history, since we meet with few celebrated characters, which would not have gained by losing a muscle or two in the cradle.

Besides, how desirable is it for a father to be able to decide, with mathematical precision, on the profession to which the talents of his son may be most advantageously directed. For example, when he discovers any symptoms of chicanery, he will of course apply them to the law. The youth, whose mild and placid temper is calculated for literary seclusion, will be devoted to the church, while the man of a bold and aspiring genius, will cultivate the science of war.

Now it is easy to foresee the rapid progress which will be made in every honorable pursuit, when the abilities of the rising generation shall be exclusively turned to that particular study, in which they are destined by Providence to excel. Could any combination of events conduce to realize the hopes of Condorcet, by enabling

man to triumph over disease and death ; it must be alone by pursuing such a system as this ; by which every spark of genius is called into action, and constantly employed in its proper sphere. What poets, and orators ! What philosophers, and statesmen ! will the world possess. — Every country will have its Raffaele, and its Praxiteles ; its Homer and its Milton. For no longer will the heavenly bard be compelled to cut out shoes for his fellow clowns, or to enforce the execution of the revenue-laws. Every man will follow his proper vocation, and contribute his share to the general stock of improvement.

Such are the leading features of this transcendent system. — But, having few pretensions to the title of philosopher, and fewer still to that of anatomist, I shall not attempt to pursue the subject further ; but, contenting myself with announcing to the learned world, the mines of science which are actually opening in Germany, shall conclude by congratulating



my friends on the happiness of living in the same century with Dr. Gall, by whose indefatigable exertions, the fatal ingredients of Pandora's box will be once more banished from the world; and man being purified from original sin, the fondest hopes of the enthusiast may at length be realized, and a millenium established on earth.

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## CHAP. II.

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In which the two friends separate.

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THE painful moment was now arrived when the two friends were destined to part, as Frederic was upon the point of removing to the university of Ingolstadt. He had, indeed, written to his uncle, requesting to remain a few months longer at the seminary, and alleging such reasons for application, as might have proved effectual,



had not the baron been previously acquainted with his nephew's attachment : and the information coming from Steinfeld castle, it was not conveyed in terms the most favorable for Theresa.

Though this uncle was a man of liberal principles, it cannot be supposed that he could approve a connection, which threatened to overturn all his airy fabrics of ambition ; but he flattered himself that absence would soon efface the transient impression which a rustic beauty had made.

Next to the loss of Theresa no event could have prove more distressing to Frederic, than a total separation from his friend. During the necessary preparations for his departure, he appeared melancholy and dejected, avoided all intercourse with society, and when alone with Theodore, never opened his mouth, except on one subject only. Indeed, he was grown such a misanthrope, that he could hardly be persuaded to take leave of those families

from whom he had received particular civilities. Theodore, however, insisted so much upon his seeing the Werner's, that he found it impossible to avoid it and having parted from them, whom he had alone regarded in the light of friends, all other visits were easy.

The evening preceding his departure was devoted to his friend, and father Philip;—and a melancholy evening it was. Both the youths were equally unable to speak, while the good monk felt a bitter pang in being deprived of the society of Steinfeld, for whom he entertained the sincerest regard, and whom he had been accustomed to treat with the confidence of a friend.

It had been the intention of father Philip to enter at large on the imprudence of his attachment for a woman, to whom his family would unanimously object: and he had even prepared a string of arguments for that purpose; but he soon perceived that Steinfeld was too much agitated to lend that serious attention which the

importance of the subject required, and he resolved accordingly to reserve his admonitions for some future opportunity, when they might be enforced by letter, with a fairer prospect of success. Feeling, however, that it might possibly be the last they should ever converse together, he thought it adviseable to offer the following hints for Frederic's future conduct in life.

“ You are called,” said he, “ my dear friend, by your birth and fortune, to fill a distinguished place in society ; and I am too well acquainted with your principles to imagine that you can think lightly of the duties which they impose. Yet, amid the cares and seductions of the world, the good impressions which we receive in our youth, are easily effaced. They cannot therefore be too strongly inculcated.

“ Rank, my amiable friend, confers many prerogatives, but it is attended likewise with many claims. The man who is placed in an elevated situation, becomes

an object of universal attention, his actions are minutely watched; and his conduct, if wrong, is severely censured. To his country he is accountable for the employment of his time, and talents; and if he either neglects to cultivate the latter, or wastes the former in frivolous, or dishonorable pursuits, he betrays one of the most sacred obligations that an intelligent being can be called upon to fulfil.

“In every station, a sycophant is deservedly an object of contempt; but how much more odious does flattery appear in him, who, though blessed with an ample fortune, has been degraded by vice, and prodigality, into the abject tool of arbitrary power.

“Believe me, Frederic, there is no character more venerable than that of the independent noble, who supports his dignity without either pride, or meanness; whose wealth is employed in acts of beneficence, whose influence is exerted for the advancement of merit, and whose sword

is devoted to the defence of his country. While, on the contrary, the man whose only claim to respect is derived from an illustrious name, which he disgraces by the profligacy of his own conduct; whose youth is consumed in brothels and gaming houses, and whose premature decline is rendered loathsome by every nauseous disease.--Such a man, I affirm, though the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, excites no feeling but contempt, and seems created by Providence for no other purpose, than to teach mankind how vile a thing is worldly grandeur."

Frederic listened with the greatest attention, expressing his gratitude in the warmest terms for this last mark of affection. Nor could he restrain a sigh, when he considered with how just a pencil the picture was drawn, and how exactly it applied to his father.

It was late before they retired; but late as it was the two friends passed an hour, or two, in conversation, Theresa, as usual, being the theme. Frederic gave way to

the deepest despair, while Theodore was occupied in suggesting those arguments, which he thought most likely to console him.

It is, however, the lot of reason rarely to prove successful, when opposed to any violent emotion of the mind; and such was precisely our hero's case. Having accordingly exhausted his little stock, he thought it advisable to call in a powerful ally, and one too that has been generally found to act more efficaciously in calming the anguish of a love-sick heart, than all the trite maxims, moral conclusions, or profound disquisitions with which philosophers, poets, or divines, have inundated the world, from the reign of Solomon to the present day. In other words, perceiving that his exhortations were of no avail, he intreated Steinfeld to go to bed, and endeavor to recruit his spirits by a little sleep. This, as the reader will naturally conclude, produced a violent exclamation on the cruelty and incongru-

ity of such advice, accompanied by several profound remarks upon the impossibility that a lover should ever close his eyes. Meanwhile, however, he was mechanically employed in pulling off his shoes, and stockings, so that before he had drawn above half a dozen inferences, he was actually in bed. Where, after groaning and tumbling for a few minutes, he ceased gradually to complain, and having uttered two or three incoherent sentences, about absence, misery, and love, he forgot Gunzburg, Theresa, and the whole world.

Theodore's thoughts, however, were too much disturbed to allow of his doing the same ; but, taking up a pen, he gave vent to his feelings, in the following stanzas.

While the still moon illumines the sphere,  
With pale and wat'ry ray,  
Pensive and sad, I trembling fear  
The quick return of day,



Far, far away, my Frederic goes,  
With Sol' returnin' light ;  
Yet none to me the dawn bestows,  
But dull, eternal night.

Farewel ! dear friend of early youth !  
Whose love my heart repays ;  
Arm thy firm soul with Christian truth,  
And hope for happier days.

Soon may that blissful hour appear,  
Thy breast no sigh shall heave ;  
But Venus dry the starting tear,  
And Love his garland weave.

Having thrown the verses upon a table, which stood close to Steinfeld's bed, he spent the remainder of the night in gloomy meditations. The first object that caught Frederic's attention, when he awoke, was this paper, and having perused it with the partiality of a friend, and not the severity of a critic, he was so delighted with the strong expressions of attachment, that, running to Theodore, he fell upon his neck and wept aloud.

The porter soon appeared, with information, that the carriage was waiting. This summons at first startled him, but collecting his courage, he slipped a crown into the poor fellow's hand, and giving a farewell embrace to his friend, he threw himself into the cumbersome vehicle, which is used in Germany for travelling post. The postillion swallowed a large glass of brandy, swore two or three oaths by way of grace, and then, cracking his whip, set off, not exactly as drivers do from the George, at Hounslow, but as those unfortunate travellers have had the misfortune to experience, who have undergone the *ennui* of a journey through Hanover.

## CHAP. III.

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Very common effects proceed from very common causes.

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THEODORE no sooner saw his friend depart, than he retired to his room ; and, falling on his knees, ejaculated the following prayer, in the full effusion of an anguished soul. “ Father of all ! have mercy on my friend. Let thy powerful hand protect and guide him through the devious path, in which he is destined to wander. Strengthen him with thy invigorating spirit, and arm him with the shield of innocence in the hour of trial. If purity of heart can entitle creatures, so frail as man, to thy guardian care, he is not unworthy of thy favor, for his heart is, as yet, unblemished with vice. To thy merciful guidance, I presume also to recommend my

sister, in full conviction, that thy dispensations are ever founded in unerring wisdom, and tend invariably to the good of thy creatures. Yet, should it not be repugnant to thy divine decree, reward, I beseech thee, their constancy, and affection, for, in thy judgment, they are equal, possessing equally those precious qualities, which can alone confer distinction in the eyes of him, who values no treasures except those of the heart."

A mind like Theodore's could not fail to derive consolation, from unburdening its sorrows at the throne of grace. For it was thither that he had been ever accustomed to turn for relief, and not to the proud tenets of philosophy, which display the imperfections of the human understanding, while they triumphantly boast of its transcendant faculties. Theodore was not a philosopher of the modern school, whose impious struggle to dethrone the divinity, has realised the ancient fable of the giants saling heaven, and rendered

it an ingenious allegory, descriptive of their vain and monstrous ambition.

It is a true observation that, when two friends, or lovers, separate, the one who is left behind, is most an object of pity. The varying scene, together with a thousand occupations, which change of place unavoidably imposes, call off the attention, and prevent it from brooding incessantly over the recent loss. Every object, on the contrary, serves to recall the memory of his departed friend, to him who continues to inhabit the house which they so lately shared. The table he wrote on, the chair he sat in, or the vacant place which he occupied at dinner, all serve to awaken mournful recollections, and give birth to ideas the most melancholy. So Theodore found it.—At times he would forget that Frederic was gone, and address him, as if he had been actually present. In vain he expected an answer. No soothing words broke the dreadful silence; but all around remained still, and

awful as the grave. Every footstep, which he heard, came welcome to his ear, for it seemed like the step of Steinfeld — He started; and, looking towards the door, listened attentively to the passing sound, and, as it gradually died away, he sunk again into his former dejection.

The first interview with father Philip was particularly affecting, yet it was not devoid of pleasing sensations, since their feelings sympathised, and united warmly in commendation of Frederic. This opportunity, however, appeared a favorable one to inculcate the danger of yielding to any violent passion, and the good man resolved, accordingly, to avail himself of it, and give a useful lesson to Theodore.

“ Love,” said he, sighing deeply while he spoke, as if personal experience had taught him to estimate its perils. “ Love is the most dangerous foe to human repose, when suffered to reign with unlimited sway, though it was intended by Providence to inspire man with the sublimest

sentiments of virtue. In confirmation of this opinion, my own observation alone would furnish various examples. For I have seen many youths, of the most promising talents, sink prematurely into the grave, the wretched victims of a hopeless passion; while others have been tempted to neglect their studies, and to abandon the path of virtue.

“ Let this idea, my son, be constantly present to your imagination; for you are endowed with the finest sensibility, and if you ever love, will not love with moderation. This too, is a duty more strongly imposed by the profession to which you aspire. A religious retirement, undoubtedly, possesses many attractions, but it likewise subjects its votaries to innumerable privations; nor is it always an easy task to preserve the heart in its proper state of subordination to reason. For, in spite of our most strenuous exertions, nature will, occasionally, assert her claims, proving



even to the best of us, that we are no more than men.

“ This counsel, my dear Theodore, is dictated by the strongest sentiment of regard, and flows from a heart not totally unacquainted with the world. I hope, indeed, that you will never find occasion to estimate its importance by a practical reference to yourself.

“ But beauty, believe me, is a most dangerous enemy ; and if we wish to come off victorious, it can be alone by adopting the Parthian discipline.”

Although Theodore felt grateful for this fresh mark of attention, he was inwardly convinced that the precaution was unnecessary, and persuaded himself that Cupid might empty his quiver, without piercing the adamantine armor which rendered him as invulnerable as if he had been dipped, like Achilles, in the Stygian lake. He felt also not a little proud in having anticipated, in part, the good father's advice, since he lately frequented the so-

ciety of Werner, much less than he had formerly done. Not that he thought himself in the smallest danger from the bright eyes of Sophia, or that he remarked any particular attentions on her side, but merely from the same motives which had excluded Theresa from the capuchin convent. Possibly too, he might have been influenced by another consideration, of which it is fit that the reader should be apprized. Among the books which engaged his attention, none was oftener consulted than that grand bulwark of the Romish church,--the LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Nor did he ever peruse the temptations of St. Anthony, without trembling for the virtue of that holy man, when he was assailed by the devil, under the seducing form of a beautiful woman. Indeed, so lasting was the impression which he received from the victorious chastity of the saint, that he was always apprehensive of a similar conflict, and scarcely ever met a pretty girl in the street, without

peeping under her petticoats for the cloven foot.

Sophia, however, had nothing to intimidate the most scrupulous monk in the creation ; for she was gentle as the morning dew, and had a foot so exquisitely turned, that it seemed formed expressly for Cinderella's slipper ; so that it was pretty evident, that her's was not one of those female figures, into which Satan would be likely to creep. Yet Theodore avoided her, even more than the common rules of civility would allow, though he had never analysed his motives for doing it. Yet still he resolved to persevere, and to decline all unnecessary intercourse with a sex which had lost Mark Anthony the world, destroyed the catholic religion in England, and even endangered the purity of one of the most pious personages in the whole calendar of saints.

Yet, alas ! what a compound is man ? with all his boasted faculties and powers. Yes, when Shakespeare asserted that,

“ in form, he resembles an angel, and, in apprehension, a god.” He quite forgot that he was transgressing the second commandment, by degrading the Divinity to a likeness with perishable clay. For scarce had our hero embraced the resolution of shunning all communication with the fair daughters of Eve, than his passion for music tempted him to visit Werner more frequently than ever. When he was present, Sophia used generally to retire into a corner of the room, listening to him, for hours, in mute attention. This Theodore attributed to her taste for the fine arts, though a more experienced judge of human nature might have easily perceived that it proceeded from an inclination of a more dangerous tendency.

In this error, her natural timidity suffered him to remain, for her sentiments were locked within her bosom, with more than vestal caution. Yet, while she brooded over her sorrows in secret, her

health imperceptibly declined ; the rose on her cheek faded daily ; her lip grew pale ; and her eyes sparkled with decreasing animation. Her mother, alone, remarked this alteration, and questioned her respecting the cause. Sophia, however, constantly replied, “ that nothing was the matter with her.”

But how could she have answered otherwise, being, herself, as yet unconscious of the disease?

*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

She knew, indeed, that she preferred young Rosenthal to all mankind, and that to her he appeared, “ Like the herald Mercury, just lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.” Yet such a novice was she in the science of love, that she was ignorant of the rapid progress which the disorder was daily making.

When he played, she was lost in rapture, but when she was summoned by paternal vanity to accompany him on the harpsi-

cord, or with her voice, her emotion was ready to betray her. He not so became tremulous, and scarcely articulate, though she expressed the tender sentiments with such exquisite sensibility, that her father grew more vain than ever of her talents, and swore she surpassed all the the singers in Italy.

Theodore was also enchanted with her execution, that his genius soared above its usual excellence; and, catching a spark of the æthereal flame, seemed to rise in unison with her's. This escaped not the attentive eye of Sophia; she triumphed in the discovery; but, mistaking the motive, attributed it, unhappily, to love!

## CHAP. IV.

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A Catholic University.

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AFTER a few days residence at Ingolstadt, Steinfield wrote the following letter to his friend.

“ Ask not, my dear Theodore, how I exist, since your own heart will best answer that question. If grief overpowered me when I enjoyed the consolation of your society, you may easily judge what I now undergo, when I have no friend to comfort me ; no companion with whom to exchange a single thought. Alas ! such is the state of misery to which I am reduced, that were we not commanded to submit with resignation to the Divine will, I should have already ceased to suffer and complain.



“ Often have I read your soothing lines,  
and as often struggled to conform to the  
noble precepts they inspire :

“ Arm thy firm soul with christian truth,  
“ And hope for happier days.”

“ Believe me, Theodore, it is thither I  
turn for solace ; since, under the guidance  
of a beneficent Creator, man cannot be  
destined to unvarying sorrow.

“ Yet, had I brought with me a mind  
less disposed to melancholy, I should still  
be dissatisfied with my present abode.  
The situation of this town is low, and I  
should suppose unhealthy, since it is al-  
most always buried in a fog.

“ The students, so far at least as I am  
able to judge, are ignorant, profligate, and  
conceited. Few, even among the profes-  
sors, speak their own language correctly,  
but have substituted in its place a barbarous  
jargon, which they mis-call *latin*. Indeed, so  
great are the prejudices which prevail against  
most of our modern writers, that, when they

come among us, you most studiously conceal the ever having read a single protestant author. For that would be sufficient to stamp your character with the imputation of heresy ; and, provided your opinions are regarded as orthodox, it is perfectly immaterial what your conduct may be.

“ Alas ! I have been compelled to relinquish my favorite Klopstock, and to conceal his poems as carefully as I would do the most degrading vice. A day or two ago, I was visited by a fellow student, who accidentally looking into a book, and finding that it was printed at Leipsic, asked how it was possible for me to study a work that came from so suspicious a quarter ; ‘ Leipsic,’ said he, ‘ is the very focus of heresy, and every one who goes there is sure to be damned. Let me advise you, therefore, to take care that no books of this kind are seen in your possession, or you will pass for worse than an atheist.’

“ I took the hint, and cut out the title page of all my books, which were printed in

protestant states ; and this is a precaution which I would advise you to adopt, before you arrive at this seat of superstition, where good sense is about as uncommon as good weather:

“ Where you here, I could sit down contented, and defy the united powers of bigotry and dullness. But as it is, I lead the life of a hermit, unsupported by the only hope which can give a charm to solitude, the near prospect of happiness in a better world. The idea of Theresa is constantly present to my mind, but the sensations that accompany it, are of the gloomiest cast, the sad forebodings of despair.

“ I have received another letter from my father, who continues to employ the same menacing style. But his conduct is too contemptible to excite any emotion, except that of scorn ; and I am angry with myself for allowing my temper to be ruffled. Farewell, my friend, for I am unequal to

all exertion, even the writing to you is become a painful task."

Theodore was so much affected with the dejection visible in every line, that in his answer he avoided entering into any particulars respecting his sister, through fear of augmenting his grief; but contented himself with expressing, in general terms, that he had reason to believe she was in tolerable health, and would gradually recover sufficient strength of mind to support her trials with resignation.

This, however, was by no means the case; as the following passage from her last letter will shew.—“ It is in vain that I strive to forget your friend:—His image pursues me constantly, and forms equally the subject of my sleeping, as of my waking thoughts.—Sleeping, did I say? Alas! those are transient moments of respite, for I am almost become a stranger to rest.”

The letter concluded thus, “ Frederic, I am persuaded, is the only being with whom I could be completely happy; yet,

while his father continues to oppose our union, I will never consent to be his.—No, never will I enter into a family who despise me. Tell him not of the resolution I have taken, but rather advise him to forget me. His future welfare demands it, and to that I would joyfully sacrifice every worldly prospect.—Yet should he follow your counsel?—Prudence commands him to follow it, and then my affliction will soon find an end. Ah! Theodore, what a friend to sorrow is the grave!”

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## CHAP. V.

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In which our hero will probably be accused of wanting penetration.

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THOUGH Theodore was making a rapid progress in every scientific pursuit, yet, in the science of the world, he was extremely

deficient ; and would have been less puzzled to solve the most difficult problem in Euclid, or to calculate the return of a comet, than to penetrate the mazy labyrinth of a female heart. That, indeed, was a study in which he was so little versed, that he was full as much a stranger to the sentiments of Sophia Werner, as to the Eleusnian mysteries, or the secrets of free-masonry.

*None are so blind as those who will not see*, says the old proverb. To such a cause, indeed, we mean not to attribute the blindness of Theodore : but as it had never yet entered into his brain, that he could love any female besides his sister, he had never supposed it possible that he should be beloved by any one else. Old Werner's case indeed, was widely different ; so that if he had not been totally engrossed with ideas of his own importance, with preparations for some new entertainment, or in wading through the depths and shallows of modern literature, he must have been more short-

sighted than a beetle, not to have perceived the danger to which his daughter was exposed. As it was, he allowed her to drink deep of the delicious poison, without even warning her even of its deadly effects.

The evenings were frequently passed at a small villa, which Werner had lately purchased in the vicinity of the town, where his son and Theodore entertained the company by their musical talents, while Sophia sat for hours by their side, apparently occupied in embroidering a waistcoat; but although her fingers moved mechanically from flower to flower, her mind was absorbed in softer cares. Thus the hours stole imperceptibly away, so that it was sometimes late before they parted. Every surrounding object concurred to nourish that tender melancholy, which is the food of love. The effulgence of an unclouded moon, the nightingale's plaintive note, with the blended perfumes of a thousand aromatic plants, all joined to touch Sophia's



heart, and operated upon her feelings with such magical powers, that she gazed on Theodore with fascinated eyes. To her he appeared a being of a superior order, uniting all the charms and talents with which the poets decorate the god of music.

The two old people retired often at an earlier hour. When they were gone, the conversation became more confidential, and frequently turned upon Steinfeld. Though ignorant of the object to whom he was attached, Sophia had so far penetrated his secret, that she no longer doubted the cause of his dejection. The discovery which she had already made, excited her curiosity still further, and led her one evening, to make such enquiries, that Theodore was persuaded she knew more than she pretended:——He accordingly acknowledged her suspicions to be founded in truth, confessing that his friend was in reality the victim of an unhappy passion.

Sophia in vain attempted to suppress a

igh, as she observed, " That if love was the source of his affliction, he was entitled to the pity of every feeling heart."

*Werner.* There is not a woman in the world, but would say the same thing.

*Theodore.* Do you then blame that exquisite sensibility, which is the characteristic beauty of the sex ?

*Werner.* By no means; for it forms an essential part of their existence. But I thank heaven that we are differently constituted, and exempt from such degrading weaknesses.

*Theodore.* I am far from viewing the subject in the same light; for, to confess the truth, we have little to boast of. Are we not equally the slaves and victims of our passions? Equally sensible of pain, and equally impatient under every distress?

" A thousand thanks, Mr. Rosenthal," cried Sophia, with a smile of which any other champion would have been proud.—  
" But this is a subject upon which I fre-

quently dispute with my brother. Like most of his sex, he is vain of the superiority that reason gives him. Yet, allow me to say, that I do not envy him his triumph, if purchased at the expense of sensibility; for I consider a feeling heart to be among the choicest blessings which Providence can bestow. Not that I boast of compassion as a virtue. I am grateful for it, only because the sensations which it imparts are of so pure a nature, that they give an additional charm to every circumstance of life. Is it then strange that I should pity one who is crossed in love? For surely my brother, with all his stoicism, will not deny that, among the calamities incidental to human nature, there are few more poignant than a hopeless passion."

*Theodore.* I fear, fair moralist, you are right. For often, at the close of evening, have I beheld my friend heave the deep sigh from his swelling bosom, while he pressed my hand in silence.

For he uttered not a single complaint, but remained in a torpid state of motionless despair.

*Werner.* That a passion of this kind is possible I cannot doubt; since history attests it in almost every page. But that Steinfeld should yield to its degrading empire, I confess, is matter of astonishment to me.

*Theodore.* Do you then hold love to be a weakness?

*Werner.* I do.

*Theodore.* There again we differ. You will, perhaps, say that I am no competent judge of the question, since I never did feel the influence of love, and hope that I never shall. Yet, when I reflect that the greatest heroes have been subdued by beauty, I am more inclined to be thankful that I have escaped the snare, than to be proud of the victory I have obtained.

*Werner.* Do not imagine, from what I say, that I have quarrelled with the sex. My turn will probably come, but come

when it will, it will be no-easy task for the handsomest woman on earth to make a slave of me.

*Theodore.* It will be happy for you if you can always conform implicitly to these professions. But other men are differently constituted, and it would scarce be less ridiculous to expect that all mankind should be fashioned after your model, than that they should conduct themselves exactly as you do. Nay, with respect to yourself, you cannot possibly determine in what manner you might act, in case the pride or prejudices of your family should raise an insurmountable barrier to your union with the object of your tenderest affections. Can you then tax a man with want of resolution, because, under similar circumstances, he is unable to command his feelings ?

Frederic's character is naturally firm, and there are few men more capable of meeting adversity with fortitude. Indeed, so far am I from condemning his

weakness, that I admire him more than ever, since I witnessed his combats, and the manly courage with which he bears his fate.

Sophia, who had listened to the conversation with the greatest interest, could hardly command her tears, while she secretly compared the situation of Steinfeld with her own. Recollecting herself, however, she inquired anxiously if there were no prospect of his being ultimately united to the object of his affections?

*Theodore.* I fear but little.

*Sophia.* That, indeed, is a hopeless case. Yet were I in a similar situation, a convent would appear the only resource. Indeed, I always entertained a sort of predilection for a monastic life, because solitude is congenial to sorrow, solacing those afflictions which human frailty is unable to surmount.

*Theodore.* This also is a point on which we perfectly agree, and truly fortunate

shall I esteem myself, when the moment of my admission arrives.

The nightingale began its melodious song from an adjacent tree, while Sophia listened attentively to the plaintive strains, turning aside her face to conceal her emotion. Theodore's sensibility was almost equally excited, and without allowing himself an instant for reflection, he seized her hand, exclaiming, in rapture, "This, indeed, is a heavenly scene. These are precious moments, and awaken the recollection of those whom I love. It is at times like these, that the spirits of my departed friends seem to hover round me, and to purify my feelings from all their grosser particles."

"I too," answered Sophia, in a softened voice, "have been thinking of those I love—" She paused from the apprehension of betraying herself, but collecting her spirits, almost instantly proceeded. "I had a sister once, the companion of my infancy, and the partner of my most



secret thoughts—But alas! she is no more? Yet why should I regret her? since she is now the inhabitant of a better world; while my prospects are gloomy, and disconsolate.”—Again she stopped; tenderness and disappointment being so strongly impressed on her beautiful countenance, that Theodore experienced a sensation entirely novel to his heart. Unconscious of what he did, and giving way to the boundless feelings of philanthropy, he gently pressed her hand, which he still held, and, with a tear glistening in his eye, whispered in a tone too soft for indifference, “Our lot at best is uncertain here. But there (and as he spoke he pointed to the starry firmament) shall the virtuous taste eternal bliss!

## CHAP. VI.

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She sat like Patience on a Monument, smiling at grief.

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TILL now Sophia had flattered herself that she was not indifferent to Theodore; but the foregoing conversation gave a final blow to all her hopes; nor could she reflect upon the declaration he made, "that he had never felt the influence of love," without believing it expressly addressed to herself. It was, in her opinion, the warning voice of compassion, which pointed out the danger of her situation, and cautioned her against indulging a hopeless flame. Hitherto, she had welcomed the fascinating illusion with open arms, persuaded that our hero's plans might vary with the current of events, and hoping that he was not so unalterably wedded to a monastic life, but that the

allurements of a convent might yield to those of love. She now had heard her sentence from his own mouth. Her destiny was for ever decided; and nothing was left her but despair. Convinced that she was rejected by the only being for whom she had ever felt the slightest partiality, she determined to break off all commerce with the world. For whole days she remained alone in her chamber, employed sometimes in drawing, but oftener in writing, though she cautiously secreted what she wrote. Every morning she repaired to an adjacent convent, at an early hour, where the solemn music of the choir accompanying the voices of the nuns, served to delude her heated imagination with seraphic visions of celestial love, and the immaculate union of sympathetic souls. The idea of consecrating her days to the service of heaven, in company with him she adored, afforded a transient gleam of comfort to her

disconsolate breast. To live like him in a state of seclusion from the cares and pleasures of the world, in rapturous communication with saints and angels, was the only triumph to which she now aspired ; while she looked forward with ecstasy to the delightful reward of persevering virtue.

Yet if by accident she met the insensible youth, her resolution wavered, and that deceiver, hope, revisited her breast. Reviving to the delusive attractions of the heart, she anticipated an existence of uninterrupted bliss in the tender bosom of love. Nor was it till she had received fresh proofs of indifference, that she once more sunk into the calm of despair. Exhausted as she was, by incessant combats, her strength gradually declined ; the roses forsook her cheek, and she withered like a tender plant, exposed prematurely to the rude blasts of a northern spring. Though among the last to perceive the change,

her parents no sooner became sensible of it, than they endeavored to penetrate the motive. With anxious solicitude her mother implored her to reveal her griefs, for it too evidently appeared that the seat of her malady was in the mind. Sophia with tears assured her that her dejection proceeded from no external cause, though she admitted that her spirits were uncommonly depressed, and generally concluded with requesting permission to retire into a convent; as that, she said, was the only vocation congenial to her turn of mind.

This plan was equally repugnant to the wishes of both her parents, for it wounded the heart of one, and disappointed the pride of the other. Yet, however averse they might be to the proposal, they were ultimately constrained to give a reluctant consent, as Sophia obtained a powerful advocate in the bigotry of her confessor, who menaced both father and mother with eternal perdi-

tion, if they any longer opposed an inclination so evidently inspired from above. It was, in consequence, settled that the lovely mburner should enter on her noviciate in a few weeks; and the convent, where she regularly attended mass, was selected for her future abode.

Theodore, to whom Sophia's resolution appeared the proudest effort of heroic virtue, communicated the project to Father Philip, and was greatly amazed to find that worthy man less enchanted than himself with this signal victory obtained by heaven over Satan and the flesh. For Father Philip was too well acquainted with the human heart to be blind to the real motive, and was blessed with too large a portion of christian charity to rejoice at a triumph so dearly purchased.

## CHAP. VII.

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Few sons would have felt like Theodore.

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HOWEVER Theodore might regret the absence of his friend, yet the kindness with which he was treated by his superiors, joined to the advantages that he derived from his present course of study, rendered him perfectly contented with his situation. An event, however, now took place, that cast a cloud over all his prospects, and made him look forward to the hour of his departure with anxious expectation.

Upon the death of father John, the chair of Theology was immediately given to Father Barnabas, to Theodore's unspeakable grief. For the latter was not only his personal enemy, but was a fellow of a confined and narrow mind, incapable of distinguishing between



allegorical allusions and historical facts; and continually confounding the decrees of councils, or the local institutions of the Jewish nation, with the elevated doctrines of the Gospel.

His predecessor, on the contrary, inculcated christianity on the broad basis of truth, and when comparing it with the different systems of the heathen philosophers, he gave a decided preference to the doctrines of Jesus, not because they were attested by miracles, or sealed with the blood of martyrs, but because they contained a sublimer lesson of practical morality than had hitherto been delivered to the world.

Theodore's only consolation was derived from the society of his excellent tutor, who was constantly occupied either in teaching him prudence to guard against the seductions of pleasure, or in inspiring him with fortitude that he might not sink beneath the inevitable calamities of life.

Three weeks having elapsed without

Theodore's hearing from home, he became extremely uneasy about his father's health, which had been for some time a precarious state. Father Philip did every thing in his power to console him; music, reading, and walking, were alternately employed to dissipate his melancholy. But nothing availed. No letter arrived, and nothing, except a letter, would satisfy him.

During one of their evening rambles, a poor boy applied for charity, lamenting that his father was just dead, and had left him destitute in the world. Theodore, whose heart was ever alive to the claims of humanity, was doubly sensible, in his present situation, to every domestic calamity, and having bestowed a few pence upon the disconsolate lad, said, with a deep sigh,

“How sincerely I pity that wretched orphan! To be deprived of the only person who takes an interest in one's welfare,

appears to me the completion of human misery."

*Father Philip.* Few situations are more deserving compassion.

*Theodore.* Indeed I wonder how it is possible for any one to survive so severe a blow.

*Father Philip.* Is this the language of a pious christian? or even of a rational creature? I should therefore hope that you do not feel the full force of what you say. For you ought, on the contrary, to be grateful to Providence for having spared your father, till your education is so far advanced that you may provide for yourself in the world.

*Theodore.* All this is perfectly true. Yet it is a consideration which would serve rather to aggravate my affliction, by reminding me continually of the extent of my loss.

*Father Philip.* This existence, Theodore, is at best uncertain. Even in the bloom of youth we are called away. But

your father is growing old, and has not the best constitution.

*Theodore.* He is barely sixty, and that is no great age.

*F. Philip.* It is an age, my young friend, to which a very small proportion of mankind attains. Besides, who can say that either you, or I, shall be alive at this hour to-morrow. Believe me, *Theodore*, it is the duty of a christian to submit without a murmur to the will of God. The blow which he strikes, is ultimately for our good.

As he spoke, his countenance betrayed a tender expression of concern, that excited a thousand fears in the breast of *Theodore*. Stedfastly fixing his eyes on father Philip, he seemed desirous of penetrating the motive of this solemn address; for he plainly saw that it proceeded from something more serious than the desire of conveying casual instruction.

Finding, however, that he continued

silent, he at length said, in a voice scarcely articulate, " You alarm me exceedingly."

*F. Philip.* It grieves me to the heart to become the messenger of woe.—But I can no longer conceal the truth.

*Theodore.* Merciful God ! my father—He could add no more, but sunk down on the bank.

*F. Philip.* Is still alive, but——

*Theodore.* In the name of heaven, put an end to this agonising suspense.

*F. Philip.* Be composed, I intreat you, and I will keep nothing from you.

*Theodore.* How I tremble to hear it.

*F. Philip.* As yet, I am but imperfectly acquainted with many particulars, my intelligence being derived solely from a letter, which I received this morning from your sister, and which I waited to communicate to you, till I had brought your mind into a proper state of composure. Theresa, as you will perceive, is greatly alarmed ; more so, perhaps, than there is any occasion for. She has, however, acted

most prudently, in sending for a physician from hence. He has been gone some time, and, at his return, we shall, probably, know on what to depend. But, at all events, I most earnestly exhort you to prepare for the worst.

Theodore took the paper with a trembling hand, and read it as fast as his tears would allow.—“Alas!” cried he, when he had finished it, “I fear there is no longer the smallest hope. O God! why didst thou not take me in preference to my father?”

*F. Philip.* This filial piety, my dear child, endears you still more to my heart; but beware that grief does not overpower your reason, as appears too probable from that extravagant prayer.

*Theodore.* Was mine, then, an improper wish.

*F. Philip.* To me, I confess, it appears so; for the whole order of nature would be reversed, were every son to precede his father to the tomb. We have all our appointed stations, and are called forth,

at different periods, according to a wise, and predetermined plan, to execute the office for which we are designed. When we are no longer wanted, we are summoned hence; and if we have fulfilled our duty like diligent servants, a noble recompense awaits us. To preserve this system unimpaired, a regular succession must be maintained; and, accordingly, when we are worn out with cares, or business, we make way for others whose faculties are better suited to a life of toil. Your's, Theodore, is the age of exertion; your father's is that of repose. Yet wretched, indeed, will be your lot on earth, unless you learn to moderate this exquisite sensibility.

*Theodore.* What affliction can be greater than mine?

*F. Philip.* I am not surprised at your thinking so, because the loss of a kind and tender parent is one of the bitterest calamities that heaven can inflict. But it is the same with every other trial. The sorrow of the moment always appears the greatest.



*Theodore.* My poor sister! what will become of her, when deprived of her only prop?

*F. Philip.* God, my child, is a protector to the orphan, never abandoning those who confide in his mercy. I was young myself when my father died, and had six brothers and sisters equally unable to provide for themselves. Yet we have all done well, one alone excepted. And he—But I will draw a veil over his errors, for I flatter myself, that he was a sincere penitent, before he fell the victim of a disorderly life.

These prudent exhortations soothed, in some degree, the anguish of our hero's mind, so that he entered the town more composed than could have been expected, considering all the circumstances of the case. His first business was to call at the physician's, but he was not yet arrived. Theodore therefore waited at his door with trembling impatience, and when he saw the carriage, was ready to faint.

The son of Esculapius shook his head, descanted scientifically on the different species of fevers, and the various remedies which have been in use from the time of Galen to the present day; and, after throwing out a few hints concerning the success of his own practice, concluded, as he might have begun, by assuring the afflicted youth “that no human skill could answer for the event. The extent of his own engagements, and the imminent danger of a particular friend, had prevented him,” he said, “from waiting the crisis of the disorder; but if the medicines which he had prescribed took a proper effect, he should entertain great hopes of his recovery.”

Expectations, founded upon such an hypothesis, were ill calculated to administer comfort to an aching heart; and Theodore's mind was too much disturbed for him to perceive that the doctor had been acting a professional part. For by employing the ambiguous jargon of pedantry, he pre-

pared for himself all the merit of the cure, and in case his prescription should fail, not his, but heaven's was the fault.

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## CHAP. VIII.

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The same subject continued.

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BELIEVING the sentence of death to have been irrevocably pronounced, Theodore retired to his room, in a state little short of despair. Alone, and comfortless, he passed the evening in tears, unable to settle to any serious occupation. At one moment he took up Klopstock, the next he attempted to pray. But neither prayers nor poetry could compose his ruffled thoughts; for all within was anarchy and confusion. He threw himself upon his bed, yet, if he closed his eyes, his slum-

bers were broken by sighs and groans ; and in his dreams, the image of his expiring father was constantly before him.

At day-break he again went to the physician's house, in the hope of engaging him to anticipate his visit, and in this he finally succeeded, as the doctor was a man of a benevolent heart, though somewhat of a pedant in his profession.

Scarce an hour elapsed, during the whole of the succeeding day, without Theodore's informing himself whether the doctor was returned ; and hearing nothing of him, his anxiety augmented to such a degree, that nothing could calm his agitation. Early on the third morning, somebody knocked at his door ; he started up ; he trembled to open it ; his hand shook as he turned the key. A peasant entered, and gave him a letter ; when casting his eyes upon it, he saw, to his inexpressible joy, that the direction was

written by his father : breaking open the seal, he read as follows :

“ MY DEAR SON,

“ I am sure you must be anxious to hear of me ; and not without reason, since every symptom appeared to indicate approaching death. But God has been pleased to spare my life, and the physician assures me, that I am now in a fair way to recover. The good man has been indefatigable in his attentions, and seems to have treated me with the greatest skill ; but, although I am no longer in danger, your sister will not consent to his leaving me yet.

“ How can I express my gratitude to Providence, for having restored me to life ? since my children still need a parent's care. For, with respect to myself, I trust I was not unprepared to quit the world. Let this illness, my dear child, awaken your most serious thoughts. While I am permitted to live, nothing, on my part, shall be wanting to promote your welfare. But

the day must quickly come, when you will have nothing to depend on, except your own exertions; for, notwithstanding all possible economy, the expenses attending so large a family will leave me little to bequeath.

“Theresa has nursed me with the tenderest care, and I fear may suffer from fatigue and anxiety. I am too weak to add more, except that I am your affectionate father,

“ J. ROSENTHAL.”

Theodore had no sooner finished the letter, than he thanked the bearer for the diligence he had used. “ My good young master,” said the honest rustic, “ we have all been in a tedious fright. The whole village was in tears. I am now in my seventieth year, and have seen a little of the world, but I never witnessed such a sight in all my born days. The Church was full from morning to night; and had

it been the Baron himself, folks couldn't have prayed more heartily. God knows, we shall never see our good bailiff's like again, such a friend to the poor, and so kind and humane to every one."

What are all the eulogiums, thought Theodore, that flattery ever offered at the shrine of power, compared to this artless tribute of the heart? He now sat down to express to his father the ecstatic feelings which animated his breast, and having finished the letter gave it to the peasant, offering him a trifling present for his trouble. The poor fellow drew back his hand with a look of disappointment, saying, "Why you couldn't suppose that I should have gone for to let any other body bring you the joyful news? Or that I came for a bribe. No, had it been as far even as Vienna, my old legs would have found their way, I'll warrant 'em."

The restoration of his father's health allowed our hero to return to his studies with renovated ardor. Among the students,



Werner was the only one with whom he lived on an intimate footing, and though he frequently went to his house, he had not seen Sophia for a considerable time. One evening, however, he surprised her in the garden as he was walking with her brother. She was sitting under a weeping willow, her cheek reclining on her hand, in the pensive attitude of contemplation. She started at the sound of voices, and perceiving Theodore, her color went and came; but recollecting herself, in a moment, she again resumed the same melancholy posture, in which he found her.

Theodore was visibly affected at the alteration which a few weeks had produced on the angelic countenance of Sophia. Her cheek was pale, and sickly; her eye dim, and languid; and her whole figure weak, and emaciated. Her tongue faltered, while she spoke, yet still she summoned sufficient courage to converse

upon the subject that was ever uppermost in her thoughts.

“ Soon,” said the lovely mourner, “ I shall bid adieu to the world. At Michaelmas I am to enter on my noviciate, and that will shortly arrive.”

Theodore’s feelings were awakened, and, scarcely conscious what he said, he asked, in accents of trembling emotion, “ If her resolution was unalterably fixed.”

To this she replied, in a solemn and collected tone ; “ Unalterably.”

“ In that case,” resumed our hero, with a sigh, “ you will leave few souls behind, so pure and spotless as your own.”

“ This is no time for flattery, Mr. Rosenthal,” she replied, in a voice expressive of the tenderest sensibility, “ for I have settled all accounts on earth, and broken every tie that bound me to the world.—When I am gone, will you sometimes think of the unhappy Sophia ? Yet, why do I say *unhappy* ?—for can

any one unhappy, whose thoughts are devoted to heaven ?”

“ Think of you ?” exclaimed Theodore, with an ardor that might almost have been mistaken for love, “ when I cease to remember you, I must cease to breathe ; n<sup>o</sup>, never can I forget the many delightful hours passed in your society, nor the rapture with which I have listened to your angelic voice ; nor the sweetly melancholy conversations, which we have held in this very garden.” “ Indeed,” replied she, with a stifled sigh, “ they were both sweet and melancholy. But such are the events of human life !—She paused, and then continued, in a softer tone, “ though you remember me when buried in a convent, will you not forget me when I am laid in my grave ?”

“ Never,” answered Theodore. “ On the contrary, I shall then look forward to a joyful meeting in a better world.

“ Those are consoling words.” And, as she spoke, a gleam of transport shot

from her languid eye. "My trials are drawing to an end; and there (pointing to the sky) I trust we shall hereafter be united.—Farewell, Mr. Rosenthal. This is perhaps the last time that we shall converse together on earth. May you quit this life of suffering, calm and resigned as I do! but while you linger here, may your days be more peaceful than mine!" Tears prevented her from proceeding, and hurrying away, she left our hero in a state of suspence, whether most to admire her fortitude, or to regret her loss.

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## CHAP. IX.

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Divested of every terror, he came a comforter.

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THE time being now arrived for the representation of the annual play, a sacred drama was performed called St. Thomas Aquinas. The piece opens

with St. Thomas's resolution to become a friar, though in direct opposition to the wishes of his friends. The conflict that passess in the young man's mind, is not ill described; while assailed by the intreaties of his family, the tears of an affectionate mother, but above all by the charms of a beautiful girl, to whom he is tenderly attached. Yet piety at length is triumphant. An irresistible predilection towards a monastic life, which might be easily mistaken for divine inspiration, and a heated imagination which teaches him to regard the crown of martyrdom as a more glorious distinction than sceptres, or principalities can confer, subdue even the strongest propensities of nature, and fascinate his inclinations with an irresistible spell.

This part was peculiarly adapted to the character of Theodore, who entered so fully into the romantic prejudices of the saint, that he imagined himself to be

the very person, whose fictitious struggles he was to paint. Day and night he repeated his part, with an enthusiasm that awakened all his former ideas. At the rehearsal he quarrelled with Werner, for treating the subject with levity, and venturing to assert that a handsome wife was a much better companion than a friar's cowl. But when he appeared on the stage, he was overwhelmed with applause. Scarce a female, who was present, could refrain from tears. Yet, in spite of the admiration which his piety excited, the greater part of them felt, that they should have preferred to see him kneeling at their feet, rather than before the altar.

Sophia was among the spectators, and imagined herself already transported to the regions of eternal bliss. Every word that Theodore uttered, vibrated to her soul, and confirmed her resolution more strongly than ever; as the charms of seclusion were represented in colors

most capable of seducing a heart like her's, which was equally alive to devotion, and to love. Besides, it was the voice of the charmer that she heard, and it called upon her to renounce the world in accents so persuasive, that nothing human could resist. Yet still there were moments when inclination got the better of enthusiasm, and when beholding the lovely youth with the eyes of passion, she lamented the triumph of faith.

This was Sophia's last appearance in public, as the following week she entered on her noviciate. The day prior to her quitting her father's house, Theodore called to take leave of her. He found her alone, dressed in a robe of white muslin, fancifully ornamented with black crape. Observing that he appeared struck with the singularity of her taste, "This gown," she said, "is emblematical of my situation, for I am the bride of heaven and of death."



*Theodore.* Indulge not, I intreat you, these gloomy ideas, for you have many, many years to live.

*Sophia.* God forbid! for my lot has proved a hard one; I looked for happiness in this present life, and found it not. May I find it in heaven, whither I am going. She stopped short, apparently from want of breath, though in reality through the violence of her emotion; a moment's recollection enabled her to continue.

*Sophia.* Farewell! my friend, for by that name I am permitted to call you—farewell!—Little do you think how highly I esteem you. Hereafter you shall know it; shall read my heart, and then—then, you will pity me indeed.

With these words she rushed out of the room, leaving Theodore deeply affected. Yet what would his emotions, had been could he have suspected that he was himself the cause and author of her affliction; that it was upon his ac-

count she forsook her paternal mansion, and sunk untimely, like a withered lily, into the grave.

Sophia, at her paticular request, was permitted to enter the convent without any of that unmeaning ostentation, which too often accompanies the awful sacrifice of virgin peace. Confined, with her secret sorrows, to a narrow cell, she consumed the lingering days in tears and prayers, and the corroding retrospect of slighted affection ; looking forward with impatience to the moment of her release, for death was now her only resource.

Yet, notwithstanding her declining health, none of the devoted sisterhood conformed to the rigid rules of the institution with greater regularity. She was constantly among the first who attended matins, and would kneel for hours before an altar, buried in silent contemplation, while her scalding tears dropped on the marble pavement. At other times, she prayed aloud with a

degree of fervor that exhausted her debilitated frame, so that she was unable to regain her cell without support. During dinner she never spoke, though her eyes would wander round the table, to discover among the daughters of affliction, her whom similar calamities had particularly destined to become her friend. At length she found the compassionate bosom in which to depose the wretched tale of all her sufferings. Cecilia's cell was contiguous to her own; Cecilia, like herself, was unhappy. In a short time they became inseparable, being never apart, when consistently with the institutions of the convent they could enjoy each other's society.

When alone, Sophia was either engaged in the performance of her religious duties, or occupied in works of taste. Frequently, if the weather permitted, she walked in the garden, amusing herself with gathering flowers, and twining

them into fanciful wreaths ; but she invariably selected those whose colors were faintest, and often such as were already faded. Her drawings, likewise, were marked with the same character of melancholy, consisting, for the most part, of sepulchral buildings, overshadowed by the funereal cypress, or the dismal yew. Never did she introduce a human figure, without giving it the features of Theodore ; for his image was constantly present to her imagination ; and whether her pencil delineated an angel, or a mortal, his was the form it represented. In vain she strove to banish him from her thoughts. Every surrounding object recalled him. His praise re-echoed in the solemn chorus ; his name resounded in the whispering breeze.

His voice in every hymn she seem'd to hear,---  
With every bead she dropp'd too soft a tear.

This perpetual conflict between religion and love operated like a slow poison on her debilitated frame. Every day she

grew weaker, till she was no longer able to leave her cell. She now laid aside all her ornamental talents, to employ herself exclusively in writing. Her mother often visited her, and solicited her, with the tenderest anxiety, to return again to her paternal mansion, under pretext that a life of seclusion was evidently prejudicial to her health. No intreaties, however, could shake her resolution, and her only answer was a sigh.

Cecilia attended her, with unremitting care, being never absent, unless called away by indispensable duties. Sophia had frequently hinted at the motives of her retirement, and even confessed that it proceeded from an unrequited attachment; yet she had hitherto concealed the object of her flame. But no sooner did she feel the near approach of death, than delicacy no longer fettered her tongue; and under the solemn seal of secrecy, she acquainted her friend with every cir-

cumstance of her life; giving her at the same time, a sealed packet, with directions to deliver it into her mother's hands, the moment she should have ceased to breathe.

“ When I am gone,” said the lovely mourner, pressing the hand of Cecilia to her lips, “ assure my dear mother of my tenderest affection, and tell her how much it has cost me to oppose her wishes. Tell her, that with my last breath I implore her forgiveness; implore her not to regret me. No, rather let her compassionate heart rejoice that her Sophia is rescued from a scene of anguish, and look forward to our future union in a better life. The period of our separation cannot be long, for what are the transient moments of this frail existence, compared with eternity?”

Soon as Cecilia's tears would suffer her to reply, she promised to conform implicitly to every injunction. Sophia now felt more composed and easy. Her ac-



count with the world was finally closed, and every thought was engrossed in making preparations for that awful journey, on which she was about to enter. In the morning, her Confessor attended her, and after performing her religious duties, she requested to see the Abbess. The pious matron immediately came, leading Cecilia by the hand. Sophia took leave of her with filial affection, expressing the warmest gratitude for the kindness she had experienced during her illness. Having embraced her with maternal tenderness, the Abbess retired, leaving Cecilia to attend her at her particular request.

Sophia was so much exhausted with fatigue, that she could scarcely utter an articulate sound; and, at her friends repeated solicitations, endeavoured to compose herself to rest. But her slumbers were short and convulsive. She frequently started, and clasping her hands, ejaculated some supplicatory sentence. Ce-



cia's eyes were never averted from Sophia, and her tears bathed the pillow, as she supported her drooping head. Every instant Sophia breathed with increasing difficulty, while her ebbing life hung only by a thread. Yet her countenance remained serene and composed, for it was the sleep of peace that she expected. For some minutes she lay motionless, apparently absorbed in tender recollections. She then made an effort to speak, but her voice was too faint to be distinctly heard. Cecilia bent forward to catch the sounds, when Sophia taking her hand, and placing it on her heart, traced the letter R with her finger, and then raising her eyes to heaven, expired without a groan.

## CHAP. X.

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The confession.

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EARLY on the ensuing morning, Madame Werner received the packet, with the melancholy intelligence of her daughter's death. Though long prepared for that painful event, she felt the loss acutely; yet as her sorrows were those of a truly affectionate heart, they were expressed in the simple language of nature, and not with that ostentatious, overwhelming affliction which is the characteristic of fashionable sensibility. For as the delicacy of her nerves had never prevented her from attending her daughter in those distressing moments, when the cares of maternal tenderness are wanted most, she did not think it necessary either to hang

her apartment with black crape, nor to exhibit those theatrical faintings, by which modern fine ladies demonstrate grief. All this undoubtedly must appear in the highest degree indecorous to those who preside over the mysteries of fashion; We must therefore request them, before they pass a hasty censure, to recollect, that we are delineating the rude manners of Suabia, and not those of Grosvenor-square.

With trembling hand Madame Werner broke the seal, and found only a few lines addressed to herself, requesting that the inclosed papers might be given to Theodore. Theodore was accordingly sent for, and having received the parcel, he locked himself up in his chamber, and tearing open the cover, to his utter astonishment read the following address :

“ TO THEODORE MY BELOVED.”

The paper dropped from his hand, and for some minutes he remained in a

state of motionless suspense, his eyes fixed on the superscription, while curiosity and apprehension by turns took possession of his breast. At length, assuming courage, he broke the second seal, but scarce had he run over a dozen lines, when tears prevented him from continuing.

No words can describe his feelings, when he discovered that he was himself the cause of Sophia's death; for the packet contained a journal of all her sufferings, from their first acquaintance to the day of her death! but it was written for the most part, in a style of elevation, which too plainly indicated a disordered mind. Yet every sentiment seemed to flow spontaneously from her pen, and to have been the offspring of affection; and not of study. Little order, or arrangement was observed; and the same images and expressions frequently recur. This, however, is easily accounted for, since

one only idea reigned exclusively in her heart.

These considerations have determined me to lay before the reader a few extracts only, which may serve to shew the progress of her malady, and are of a nature to interest every bosom that is formed for sensibility and love.

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*Extracts from the papers addressed to Theodore Rosenthal by Sophia Werner.*

*Without any date.*

“When the tomb shall inclose my mortal part, and my spirit appear before the throne of grace, all my present sufferings will have ceased, and peace, eternal peace shall be my lot. Then shalt thou, O chosen of my heart, moisten this sad confession with thy precious tears.

“Even now I anticipate that happy moment. Even now thy sympathy is

soothing to my grief—Yet, mourn not, best of youths, mourn not too deeply, nor suffer the keen sting of self-reproach to wound thy tranquil, sweet serenity.

“My sorrows spring from weakness. No tears hast thou to shed except tears of pity, and pity is a mild, and welcome visitor.

“Weep not, my beloved, but raise thine eyes to behold me arrayed in robes of celestial splendor, and crowned with the wreath of victory. The virgin mother of my redeemer already hails me by the tender appellation of daughter; she applauds the firmness of my soul, for my tongue never uttered a murmur, nor did my heart repine at the author of my affliction.

“Be comforted, sweet youth. My spirit shall whisper comfort from the realms above. It shall accompany thee in thy dreams, and hover round thee in thy evening walks.

“Pardon my frailty, O thou who formed the human heart weak, fallible, and imperfect, for having yielded to the seductions of love! It was not without a struggle that I yielded, nor did my reason abandon me lightly. Had my Theodore been gay, dissipated, and the willing slave of every delusive pleasure, never would my heart have chosen him. But he was like the holy incense rising from the altar,—full of piety, and sweetness. My affection too was worthy of him, for it was pure as the breath of angels.”

“Long have I pined in silence, but my lips never breathed a complaint; nor is it till after all hopes must cease that thou, my Theodore, shalt learn how dear thou wert to thy Sophia.

“Peruse these sheets with attention, and let them teach thee resignation in the hour of adversity; teach thee, when oppressed by the calamities of life, to seek for consolation in the charms of virtue. Yes, should this world afford



thee no place of rest, look up with confidence to those mansions of eternal bliss whither I am about to be transported, and expect a similar reward. Then shalt thou bless the memory of thy Sophia, and pray for the repose of her soul."

*May the 3d.*

*"Never did I feel the influence of love, and I hope that I never shall.* Such was the cruel sentence that fell from thy lips. To me it was the sentence of death.

"Arm thyself with fortitude, O my soul, for he never loved, neither has he a heart framed for the softer passions.

"Never, Oh never can thy fondness be requited thou poor, deluded, love-sick maid! Pity me, ye saints above; pity, and console me!—To love without return; to love with so much ardor; this indeed is an afflicting prospect. But thou, O God, wilt not abandon me, for

thy arms are ever open to those who seek thee.

“Come, then, Death, thou welcome visitor ! Breathe on me thy chilling blast, that I may quickly die, for alas ! he loves not ! the chosen of my affections is cold and inanimate as the Parian marble.”

“Come too, ye gay companions of my youth, sweet friends of happier days. You promised to attend me to the altar ; soon shall you follow me to the grave. Weave the funereal chaplet ; bring hither fresh sprigs of cypress, and of yew, and while ye strew them before my bier, ah ! sing how the wretched Sophia loved, was rejected, and died !

*May the 7th. at midnight.*

Hark ! the raven croaks from the mouldering tower ; my soul trembles at the ill-omened note.

“Bright was the firmament, and soft the fragrant zephyr which fanned us as

we sat beneath the spreading boughs of the sweet-scented Acacia. Soft too, was the sound of thy flute, soft as the music of the spheres, O thou beloved of my heart! With what rapture did I listen to the plaintive notes, as they died away on the evening breeze.

“Refulgent shone the moon with a clear and steady light! when lo! a murky cloud appeared in the horizon, and floating through the vast expanse, covered its fair orbit.—Even so vanishes every dream of bliss!

“Melodiously warbled the nightingale; her strains were those of complaining, and recalled to my recollection poor Philomel’s untimely fate. Like me she loved; like me she was unhappy.

“Alas! my beloved is cold as the breath of evening, when the autumnal vapors rise. His bosom glows with sensibility, but is a perfect stranger to love. Oft have I seen the big tear glis-

ten in his expressive eye. But, alas ! it was the tear of humanity, not of affection."

*June 10th.*

"Say, wilt thou retire into a cloister, O thou chosen of my heart? Wilt thou fix thy abode among saints and angels, thou who art already free from human imperfections? Would that I were so also! Would that my soul was pure as thine! But, alas! I am the slave of passion! Though chaste the flame, it is the flame of love.

"Accept me then, O God, for the sake of him who is all purity and truth. Accept the sacrifice of a contrite spirit! Broken is the link which chained me to the world. Life's treacherous illusions vanish. At a distance from the haunts of men, I must seek for consolation, and I will profit *by the example of him whom I adore.*"

*August the 9th.*

“Many days have elapsed since I saw my Theodore, yet his form ever glides before me, sweet as the breath of morning, when it sweeps the dew from the aromatic plants.

“Calm and patient have I supported my lot, rather than tempt thee to forsake thy God. Thy bride I will become in heaven, but on earth I must be the spouse of Christ.

“Beautiful art thou as the fragrant rose, which blooms with the rising sun; while I am pale and languid as the drooping flower, scorched by its meridian heat, and ready to shed its leaves when the storm arises. Arise thou storm, and lay me prostrate in the dust. Scatter me abroad, and make me a warning to my sex!

“Comely is the youth I love. His cheek is ruddy with health; blue beam his eyes as the cloudless firmament; his tresses are like the golden rays of the

setting sun.—How then must he appear when robed in immortal splendor, and in the unperishable radiance of celestial light.

“ As for me, I am pale as the garden lily, and my head already droops to the ground.—My mother weeps, and tenderly asks me, *Why art thou so pale, O my daughter? Why droops thy head to the ground?* Seek not, my dearest mother, to penetrate the cause of my affliction, but suffer it to be buried in my breast. Transplant the fading flower, that it may revive in the cool shade of a cloister.”

“ *Why wilt thou retire into a convent? why leave thy father and me? Let us once more rejoice in the dawn of thy beauty; let us glory once more in our child!*—My parents weep.—I grieve to see it, but cannot dry their tears—Alas! they never more can rejoice in the dawn of my beauty; never more can they glory in their child. The rose is already wither-

ed, a worm is concealed beneath its leaves."

*August 25th.*

"Blessed be thou, O chosen of my heart! for thou hast spoken comfort to my troubled soul. Thou didst remark the fading lustre of my eye, thou didst sigh at the paleness of my cheek.

"Ecstatic moment! when I walked by thy side in sweet anticipation of the joys of paradise! What then will my feelings be, when the restraint of timidity shall be taken off my tongue; when I may enumerate all my sufferings, and tell thee how much I have endured for thy sake?"

*Sept. 8th.*

"The hour of sacrifice is at hand, the awful ceremony is preparing; the bridal crown is already woven.

"To what trials am I daily exposed! My father weeps, my mother kneels.



They cannot bear the thought of parting with their Sophia, whom they affectionately term the *pride and comfort of their declining years*. Yet, she is doomed to leave them, and cloud the serenity of their setting sun.

“ Be comforted, my beloved parents, for my soul is about to quit its earthly prison. Be comforted, for I go to prepare a dwelling for you both, among the elect.”

*September 14.*

*Just returned from seeing the sacred Drama at the Seminary.*

“ My soul thanks thee, O thou holy one, for thou hast taught me to despise the delusive follies of the world. My whole heart is estranged from its seductions, and pants after that glorious day, when I shall claim thee in heaven as my bridegroom.”

“ How great was my emotion, when I beheld thee, in all thy youthful charms,

deaf to the temptations of pleasure, unmoved by a mother's tears, and, what to me appeared a severer task, unsubdued even by the persuasive eloquence of love.

“ When I saw thee look down with holy disdain on the golden prospects of youth, thine eye raised towards Heaven, thine hand stretched out to receive the palm of victory, my bosom beat with emulous applause. Trampling beneath thy feet all the pomps and vanities of this transitory life, thou didst enter the portals of the abode of peace, like a hero crowned with laurels.

“ Unfold, ye everlasting gates! unfold to receive me also into the hallowed sanctuary, where the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal be clothed with immortality.”

Oct. 1.

*The day after my entering the Convent.*

“ Solemn is the solitude which sur-

rounds me, and chaste is the passion which I nourish. For thou, my Theodore, art holy among the holy ones, and my love is as the love of seraphs.

“The flame that consumes me is pure as that which the vestals fed; like that too it will never die. Yet it was neither nurtured by hope, nor fanned by fond desire, but was kindled, like that of the Roman virgins, by an ethereal spark, and inexhaustibly it will burn, till the lamp of life shall be extinguished.”

*Continued after Midnight.*

“All nature lies buried in awful silence. My sisters repose in their lonely cells; sweet are their slumbers, and in their dreams they foretaste eternal bliss. But sleep, alas! visits not the eyelids of the slaves of love. They wake, and weep, and pray.

“A death-like silence prevails, save when the hollow wind murmurs through the cloisters, or shakes the mouldering

casement. At such an hour, the spirits of the dead revisit this earth. Even now they seem to rise before me, inviting me to join them in a better world.

“Yet think not that I murmur at my fate; or complain of thee, cold and inanimate as thou art; my destiny is irrevocably fixed, not love itself could save me now.”

*Oct. 3d.*

“Enter, thou chosen one, into the hallowed precincts of a convent, with peace for thy companion, and with a mind serene as mine before we ever met. May the balmy blessings of sleep solace thy cares; and may thy days glide gently on, tranquil as the placid stream, when no zephyr ruffles its glassy surface. Silent it flows with an unvarying course, till it is lost in the unfathomable ocean. Even so flows the stream of life, when no boisterous passions rage.”

*Nov. 6th.*

“Happy, and at rest, is the long suffering Clara. I stood by her bed as she breathed her last, and when her spirit escaped from its mortal prison, my soul panted to accompany it.

“Oh say, thou chosen of my affections, was the sentiment that I experienced the gloomy offspring of a wounded heart, or was it inspired directly from above? Is it the voice of a departed saint that summons me to join her in the mansions of eternal rest? Or does my deluded fancy give form and being to an airy phantom of its own creation? Even now she beckons to me, calling me to attend her on the awful journey, and informing me that my days are numbered, and that the circle is contracted which they are destined to run.

“Can death, my beloved, lay aside his terrific form, and appear like the harbinger of peace? For such he seemed

when my sister expired in my arms; but when he approached the couch where Clara lay, he came a ghastly fiend. Her convulsive frame trembled to behold him; her pulse beat high with anguish; her swollen eye-balls started from their sockets; a cold and clammy sweat bedewed her parched cheek, and the expression of benevolence, which once animated her lovely features, gave place to horror and despair.

“No sooner was the awful struggle over, that I forgot every agony that accompanied it. All its pangs and terrors disappeared; while a beatific vision dazzled with its effulgence my fascinated sight. I saw her soul ascend amid pealing choirs of angels. My wishes expanded at the glorious spectacle, and I looked down with contempt upon a world, where I am still condemned to linger, though for ever separated from thee.

“Again I gazed upon the lifeless body. All traces of suffering were

effaced, and her countenance appeared serene and lovely, as if it had been revisited by that gentle spirit which once animated the mortal clay."

"O Clara, daughter of affliction, thou hast completed thy appointed race; thy scene of sorrow is for ever closed, and the reward of patience is thine. But I, alas! am still encompassed with the bonds of mortality, though I struggle to regain my freedom, like an impatient captive forced from the arms of a disconsolate bride.

"Oh! when will the hour of my redemption come? when shall it be said, '*Sophia sleeps to wake no more?*'"

"Come then, thou conqueror! thou great deliverer, come! Regardless pass the bed of sickness, where debilitated nature, clinging to a life replete with misery, intreats for lengthened days: I am prepared to meet thee, smiling and unappalled, prepared to follow thee a voluntary victim. Come then, thou con-



querer! thou great deliverer come! burst, break these mortal shackles, while angels chaunt, in solemn chorus, *O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?*"

*Nov. 20th.*

"My strength rapidly declines! my life is ebbing fast. Yet still my bosom burns with an unperishable flame. Lasting is its ardor as the replenished lamp blazing before the altar. Even the blast of death shall not extinguish it, if my soul retains either memory or perception.

"When the midnight bell summons me to prayer, I think it the voice of my beloved. That idea gives fervor to my devotion, elevating my soul to God. During the solemn sacrifice, thy image is constantly before me; to thee I kneel, to thee I pray, thou patron, protector, and guardian of my faith."

*Nov. 29th.*

“ My sisters compassionate my fate ; they weep as they contemplate my approaching dissolution. Mistaken maids ! they know not how sweet is the sleep of eternity ; how consoling the prospect of everlasting rest ! Had they loved like me, like me they would pant after the hour of their release.

*Jan. 1st.*

“ Another year commences. The last brought me nothing but sorrow ; may this soon bring me repose. That hope, at least, I am permitted to cherish ; for my trembling knees are scarce able any longer to support me to the chapel, where I go to offer up my vows for thee, beloved of my soul. A faint tremor seizes me as I take up my pen. I sigh. I groan. But in vain I attempt to weep, for the sources of my tears are exhausted.

“All hail, thou opening year, welcome herald of liberty and peace. Shower down thy choicest blessings on my Theodore, and scatter roses in his path !

“Wherefore am I so sorrowful ? why droops my heart ? for the end of my trials is near.”

*Jan. 12th:*

“O day ! that I may reckon among the days of my consolation, for my tears flow again without restraint. They have lightened the weight which oppressed me ; they have removed a burden from my heart.

“For the first time, since many weeks, I have derived some amusement from drawing. I designed a tomb for myself. It was plain and humble as my wishes. Two cypresses grew beside it, and a weeping willow hung over the urn. At a little distance stood the ruins of an ancient temple, mouldering to decay, yet magnificent, in spite of the devastation

of time. A youth leant against a broken column. Mild and benevolent was his air; his features spoke intelligence; his look was that of meditation; thine was the form he wore; none other could my pencil trace.

“Delighted with the strong resemblance, I pressed it to my feverish lips, wetting it with my tears. With rapture I gazed on it, addressing the inanimate figure in the language of affection, and breathing out those vows of unshaken constancy, which I never dared to offer to thee.

“Blessed! thrice blessed! be the god of love; for it was surely he who first instructed a female hand to catch the likeness of him she adored.

“Dear image of my Theodore! by day thou shalt repose in my bosom; and at night, when the silver moon diffuses its pale and solemn light through the fretted casement, I will rise to contemplate thy form divine. My eyes shall

hang on thee with impassioned delight; while my tongue addresses thee in the tender language of chaste affection.—

“Weakness compelled me to break off. I am now a little refreshed, and must continue; for the moments which I can command are few. Yes, thou beloved of my heart, soon shall the cold earth enclose the mortal part of thy Sophia; and when thou viewest the drawing she will have ceased to suffer.”

*Feb. 3d.*

“At length the melancholy scene is about to shut; Death, that friend and comforter of the afflicted, waits for my weary spirit. His dart is raised. He is about to strike. Within a few short days, perhaps ere to-morrow’s sun shall set, I shall sleep the sleep of the righteous. Farewell! then, thou beloved of my heart—eternally farewell! At that sad word a sigh escapes me!

No, it is impossible for me to quit the world, which thou inhabitest without a pang."

*Feb. 4th.*

"Again the sun rises on my sorrows, though when faintness obliged me yesterday to lay down my pen, I thought never again to have resumed it. Is it then so difficult to die? Alas! I find it so. The chains, which bind me to affliction, are strong as adamant.

"Yet what is life besides a dream? or its griefs, and pleasures, but evanescent shadows, which vanish from the touch, soon as we strive to catch them.

"I thought my account with the world already settled, but I have still one prayer to make. Conceal, by all my tenderness I conjure thee, conceal this sad confession, which passion forces from my weak and erring nature. Not that I blush to avow a sentiment which thy many virtues so fully justify. I fear

for the sensibility of my mother's heart, and wish to spare her feelings.

“Chaste has been my love as the morning lily. I die with an unsullied conscience, nor do I murmur at my untimely fate.—My hand trembles—A death-like coldness comes upon me.—I can add no more.—A long, a last farewell!—I go to prepare the bridal-couch—tarry not long, my love!—but hasten to thy Sophia.”

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## CHAP. XI.

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Theodore prepares to leave Gunzburg.

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With a mingled sentiment of compassion and surprize Theodore perused these mysterious sheets, while tears fell in torrents down his cheeks. Engaged in this melancholy task, the hours flew imperceptibly away, and night came on



before he had arrived at the conclusion. He threw himself on his bed, but, in this troubled state of mind, it was in vain that he courted repose. The cold and inanimate corpse of the once-lovely Sophia was continually present to his imagination; all the melancholy scenes which he had witnessed, since the commencement of their acquaintance, recurred to his thoughts; while a thousand incidents that had formerly excited his curiosity, and a thousand expressions which appeared enigmatical when they fell from her lips, were now too clearly explained. In every word and action he discovered a meaning which diffidence alone had hitherto prevented him from penetrating.

There were moments also, in which he felt disposed to reproach himself, but after a minute examination of his conduct, conscience acquitted him, for it told him that he had never trifled with Sophia's happiness, nor behaved towards her with any of those barbarous atten-

tions which serve to cherish unfounded hopes.

“ Alas !” cried he, with a deep sigh, “ how just are father Philip’s observations ! Love is, indeed, a most destructive passion, and one of the severest scourges of mankind. Pestilence and famine are only occasional calamities, but love is a permanent evil, and may be fairly reckoned among the most fatal ingredients of Pandora’s box.”

Having continued in the same strain for a considerable time, he concluded with the following exclamation, “ It is a sad loss to the world, that father Philip has never published his admirable system of ethics : because every man then would be enabled to regulate his actions according to the true standard of moral rectitude. Yet there is one objection to the plan, and that too of a nature to have considerable weight with a person of his benevolent mind. For, by printing his works, he would ruin

half the booksellers in Germany, since no one would read any other book."

The death of Sophia produced so strong an effect on our hero's mind, that he resolved to avoid every object that could recal her to his recollection. On this account, the society of her brother became irksome to him, nor could his feeling heart support the sight of her parents' affliction.

Yet, distressing as the visit appeared, common decency obliged him to make early enquiries after their health; and this he undertook the more readily, because he was firmly persuaded that he should not gain admission. In this, however, he was mistaken, for he had long been regarded as a friend of the family, and was now received as such.

When the first compliments of condolence were over, Madame Werner enquired after the contents of the packet, which she had delivered to him at Sophia's request. This question, though naturally

to be expected, embarrassed him extremely. His voice faltered; his color changed; and he seemed totally at a loss for words. At length, however, he answered, that it contained some manuscript poetry, which he had formerly lent to her daughter, and which she had forgotten to return.

The confusion visible in his countenance, did not escape the notice of Madame Werner, but she attributed it to the excess of sensibility, and felt perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

Theodore once more became a perfect recluse, shunning all intercourse with the world. He scarce saw a person, except father Philip; and even before him he carefully avoided ever mentioning Sophia's name. He frequently heard from Ingolstadt, but the tone of despondency, in which Frederic wrote, was little calculated to administer comfort to a mind which, like Theodore's, was alive to all the finest feelings of sympathy. Every letter was filled with lamentations on

account of their separation, and the most urgent intreaties to hasten his departure.

The absence of his friend, and the loss of father John, as we have already observed, rendered our hero's situation far less agreeable than it had formerly been; but since the death of Sophia it was become insupportable; so that he was himself full as eager to quit the seminary, as Steinfeld could be to see him. After some hesitation, he ventured to communicate this wish to his father, who foresaw so many advantages from his intimacy with the baron, that he readily consented, and fixed the ensuing spring for his removal.

This important object being accomplished, Theodore looked forward to that happy period with delight, although his joy was considerably damped by the idea of separating from the excellent man to whom he was chiefly indebted for all his attainments.

A few days previous to his leaving Gunzburg, he went to take leave of the Werner family. This was a distressing

visit, and awakened many tender recollections. The turn of conversation, however, was of that interesting cast that he could not get away till late in the evening. When he quitted the house, the moon shone bright, the sky was serene and cloudless, nor did the slightest breeze disturb the awful silence.

“ In such a night as this,” cried he, with a deep sigh, “ I walked, for the last time, with Sophia in the garden; it was then that she used these impressive words, ‘ *Though you remember me when buried in a convent, will you not forget me, when I am laid in my grave?*’ ” “ Never,” continued he, in an impassioned tone, “ never will I forget thee, thou devoted victim of an unhappy passion! No, when my thoughts are elevated to the contemplation of that world, where virtue meets its just reward, thy image must ever present itself to my imagination, arrayed in celestial splendor, and crowned with unfading glory.”

Absorbed in these gloomy reflections, his steps mechanically moved towards the convent, where the lovely Sophia was buried. The door of the chapel stood open, for it was the eve of a festival, and preparations were making for the approaching solemnity. Trembling, he advanced along the Gothic aisle. A death-like stillness prevailed, for the business of the day was just concluded, and the pious sisters had retired to their cells. Not a human figure was to be seen, save that of a decrepit pilgrim, kneeling, in mute devotion, before the high altar. Theodore no sooner perceived him, than he was struck with reverential awe. Reclining against a pillar, he contemplated the venerable stranger in silent admiration, who appeared, to his exalted fancy, like a beatified spirit, that had abandoned the celestial mansions to give a lesson of piety to mankind. A solitary lamp reflected its streaming light on his silver beard, and, contrasting with the deep shadows which



the fluted columns cast around, imparted an angelic radiance to his countenance, which seemed to designate the inhabitant of a better planet.

“ This,” said Theodore to himself, “ must be the guardian spirit of Sophia, for he kneels upon the very stone under which she is interred. “ Sweet shade, thou now art happy,” continued he, as he read the initials of her name, “ and it is here that I must bid thee an eternal adieu. Farewell! thou sacred dust, which once composed as fair a form as nature ever fashioned. All the charms of beauty were thine. Thine too, was that purity of soul which angels cherish. Yet, alas! what availed all thy boasted endowments? since the rude blast of adversity laid thee prostrate in thy bloom, and thou sleepest now amidst age, deformity, and disease.

Yet why should I lament thy untimely fate, for the repose of the righteous is thine?—while I, perhaps, am reserved for lingering misery. Yet, however great

my trials may prove, I will learn from thee to submit. Thy bright example shall teach me resignation; and, when this mortal scene shall close, I will hasten to join thee in the realms above,"

The animated tone in which he spoke, disturbed the pilgrim's meditations, and raising his eyes from the ground, on which they had been rivetted till then, he viewed the youth with a look of compassion. "Thou art unhappy, my child;" said he, "but, with a heart susceptible as thine appears, thou hast little consolation to expect on earth."

"True, father," replied Theodore, starting; "I am unhappy, but I trust it may be otherwise in the world to come."

"That, my son," resumed the stranger, "is virtue's surest refuge. We are, at best, only passengers here, pilgrims like myself. But in our eternal residence, we shall be no longer exposed to the

vicissitudes of fortune, and our destiny will be immutable as the decrees of Providence."

The solemnity with which this short address was delivered, the strong expression of piety that beamed from the stranger's countenance, combining with the feelings of our hero's mind, and the time and place in which they met, confirmed the first impression that Theodore had received; and, bowing respectfully, he quitted the church, in full persuasion that his vows had been accepted by Sophia's guardian saint, and would soon be enregistered in the everlasting audit above.

## CHAP. XII.

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Addressed particularly to those who are about to enter into the world.

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As the time of his departure drew nigh, Theodore's bosom was divided between grief and joy. For, while he looked forward with transport to the delightful moment when he would again be permitted to embrace his friend, he could not reflect on his separation from father Philip without the bitterest regret. Nor was the good man insensible to his loss; for he foresaw the many dangers to which Theodore's youth and inexperience would be exposed, when assailed by the seductions of the world. He determined, therefore, to avail himself of the short interval that remained, in order to prepare him

for the important trial; which he did in the following manner:

“Theodore,” said he, “you are upon the point of quitting this peaceful retreat, and engaging in scenes where you will be compelled to act entirely from your own judgment. Your progress in literature has been rapid; but your knowledge of mankind is limited indeed; your heart is pure, and formed to excel in every honorable pursuit; but you have created for yourself an ideal model of perfection, which every day’s experience must inevitably tend to destroy. In theory, I admit your principles to be just; for I feel, like you, that the only proper distinctions between man and man, are those which talents and probity confer. In your commerce with the world, you will, however, soon discover that, in the estimation of merit, a very different standard is employed; and, should you attempt to act in conformity to your own system, the

result will be disappointment and mortification.

“ Your inclinations, at present, lead you to make choice of a monastic life, and fortunate I shall consider it for you, if you persevere in the same pious resolution. Yet it is far from improbable, that, amidst the conflict of contending passions, various circumstances may occur to give a different bent to your wishes. It is, therefore, the duty of a friend to prepare you for every possible change, and this can be done only by laying in such a stock of knowledge, as may turn to account in the world. In giving you a liberal education, your father has done all that a tender parent can do. His fortune is circumscribed, and the provision which he will be able to make for his children, cannot be sufficient to maintain them. You must, therefore, endeavour to provide for yourself.

“ It is not science alone, my dear child, that can accomplish this; but the appro-

priation of science to some useful purpose. A taste for poetry, and the *belles lettres*, will render you amiable in society, by giving life and brilliancy to your conversation; but the professions of a cobbler, or a tinker, afford a less precarious existence. For, while the mechanical drudgery of the meanest artisan scarce ever fails to procure him a supper, the man of elevated genius may starve.

“ Hitherto, your time has been profitably spent; so that, after passing a few years at Ingolstadt, you will be in possession of materials to work upon. Let me, however, intreat you to recollect, that these materials are little better than useless ore, unless wisely applied to active purposes. Endeavour, therefore, to acquire that necessary science, THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD.

“ It is impossible for me to warn your unsuspecting heart against every danger to which it will be exposed. Innumerable, and diversified, are the seductions of plea-



sure, the allurements of fashion, and the temptations of vice. With a mind, ingenuous as your's, every step is perilous, and heaven alone can protect you. Yes, Theodore, although I grieve to say it, your very virtues excite my fears. Nor can I reflect upon the guileless purity of your soul, the benevolence of your disposition, the enthusiastic turn of your imagination, and the artless simplicity of your character, without shuddering at the precipice on which you stand. For alas! it is by no means an easy task, even for prudence and experience, to discover the villain, when he assumes the mask of hypocrisy, or is adorned with the insignia of honor.

“ Your intimacy with baron Steinfeld must lead you sometimes to associate with persons of the highest rank ; and it will require no common degree of prudence on your part, to avoid the equally dangerous extremes of vanity and servility. I mean not, my young friend, to depreciate your family, for I know not a happier,

or more respectable profession than that of an industrious farmer, who lives upon the produce of his own land. Yet men of illustrious names are taught from their cradles to regard themselves as beings of a different species from the rest of mankind; and to believe that whatever is great or excellent in human nature, is confined exclusively to their own cast. This is, indeed, a most fatal prejudice, and generally proves the very reverse of truth. But, unfounded as it is, it still serves to cherish a sentiment of superiority, scarce less prejudicial to themselves, than insulting to those of inferior rank. When they condescend, therefore, to select their companions from the plebeian order, it is almost always in the expectation of meeting with sycophants and parasites, who will be ever ready to fight in their quarrels, to flatter their ignorance, or to risk their lives and reputation for the gratification of their passions. Hence, the man who, like you, should dare to

assert the dignity of his species, can hardly fail of being exposed, either to the insults of ill-judging pride, or to the reproaches of disappointed patronage.

“ You start, my young friend, at this disgusting picture, forgetful that, among the various distinctions of society, no one ever dreamed of establishing an ARISTOCRACY OF VIRTUE. You, Theodore, will enter upon the busy scene, unknown, unprotected, and without any claim to notice, except that which arises from personal merit. Your’s is the pre-eminence of an uncorrupted heart, of an independent spirit, and of a mind well-stocked with useful knowledge. In a republic, constituted like that of Plato, these are qualifications which would entitle you to aspire to the highest dignities. But, according to the present system, in which interest, favor, and corruption, put every wheel in motion, like Lazarus, you may petition in vain for the offals of luxury, if these are your only recommendations.

The pander, the fiddler, and the buffoon, will bask and fatten in the sunshine of prosperity, while real merit is condemned to pine away in poverty, and probity is derided as a symptom of imbecility."

"What a picture," cried Theodore, "do you present to my view! how frightful, disgusting, and discouraging. If such be the character of man, thrice happy is he whom the tranquil solitude of a convent separates from the world."

"Every station in life," resumed the good man, "has its good and evil. It is therefore fit, in selecting a profession, that the talents, temper, and inclination of the individual should be seriously attended to. Yet it frequently happens that they have no influence at all, because they are outweighed by worldly motives in the scale of interest.

"You, my dear child, have hitherto shewn a strong predilection for the ecclesiastical profession, and should you have the resolution to persevere, I have little

doubt of your being happy. But this is a point which demands the most serious attention. Let me, therefore, exhort you deliberately to examine the important question, before you finally resolve to abandon the world. For though I am firmly persuaded that no situation is so exempt from the cares and crosses of life; yet I know it to be subject to a thousand privations, which piety alone can render supportable."

Having concluded his exhortation, he desired his young friend to write to him frequently, informing him exactly of the progress which he made, the society which he frequented, and the manner in which he passed his time, adding affectionately, as he pressed his hand, "You will not, I trust, suffer any avocations to banish the recollection of an old friend."

"Forget you;" cried Theodore, with a warmth that bespoke sincerity, "you to whom I am indebted for every thing I know! Could I be guilty of such ingra-

titude, I should deserve to be classed among the basest of mankind."

"Do not," replied Father Philip, "over-rate the little I have done. Believe me, my exertions have been amply repaid; for to me no employment can be half so interesting as that of instructing those who, like yourself, have both inclination and capacity to improve."

Theodore was so overcome with this fresh mark of kindness and affection, that he was at a loss for words to express his feelings. The good monk's sensibility was also awakened, and being desirous of putting an end to the conversation, he remarked the lateness of the hour, and advised our hero to retire to his chamber, and endeavor to get a little rest. Theodore instantly took the hint, and embracing Father Philip with filial tenderness, hurried away without uttering a word. Arrived in his own apartment, he threw himself upon his bed, but the agitation of

his spirits prevented his sleeping, so that he was already drest when the porter entered to call him.

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## CHAP. XIII.

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A journey in a stage coach

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WHEN Theodore arrived at the inn, the diligence was on the point of setting out, and the passengers were already seated.

Now, as many of my readers cannot have reaped all the advantages of a travelled education, it may not be improper to describe that cumbersome vehicle, which is known in Germany by the appellation of *diligence*, lest it should erroneously be supposed to bear the smallest affinity to carriages of a similar denomination, which travel expeditiously on all our principal roads, though in



point both of convenience and pace it is much nearer on a level with the broad-wheel waggon of England.

Were I a better draftsman, I would indulge the public with an accurate representation of this extraordinary machine, as I am persuaded that the genius of man never produced a thing so little suited to the uses for which it was designed, as it certainly seems calculated for every purpose under heaven, rather than that of locomotion. In point of form too, it may be compared to any thing as well as to a coach, and in size and figure might be mistaken for a tent, a hovel, or a hay-stack.

How far the above details may prove satisfactory, it is impossible for me to decide, because curiosity is sometimes a quality of that insatiable nature, that nothing short of practical experience can satisfy it; and I have little doubt that the first old maid, into whose hands this volume shall fall, will be able to confirm

the truth of this remark from her own personal observation. But should the reader require any further illustration, I would advise him immediately to set out for Harwich, there to embark on board the first packet that sails, and, on his arrival at Husum, to take a place in the diligence for Lubec. He will then know how agreeable a thing it is to travel; and what with custom-house officers, stinking cabbins, sick passengers, buggy beds, and broken roads, he will infallibly return most completely satisfied, that *empta dolore docet experientia*. And now for Theodore and his companions.

Although the vehicle in which our hero was to perform his journey, was of a size to contain a dozen persons, full as conveniently as one, when he entered it he found only three, - who had each got possession of a corner. On the right hand sat an officer, whose profession was as clearly announced by an affected air of ferocity, as by a towering plume, and

a monstrous pair of mustachios. The corresponding corner was occupied by a Jew, who, if he had belonged to any other nation, might, from his appearance, have passed for an honest man. Opposite to him sat a short, fat, swarthy figure, with swollen cheeks, small dark eyes, thick lips, and black greasy hair. He was wrapped up in a brown great coat, wore a green leather cap, and boots, whose color had not been refreshed, either with oil or dripping, for many a month. Yet, in spite of this shabby appearance, he delivered his opinion with a look of decision, that proved him to be a person of no trifling consequence, in his own estimation. And such, in fact, he really was, being no less a personage than the master of the diligence. Among many other amiable qualities, which this man of importance possessed, our hero quickly discovered that he had a peculiar taste for a joke. For he hardly

ever uttered a sentence which was not productive of a laugh ; and so great was his fondness for mirth, that he not only joined himself in the roar, but was usually the first person to begin it ; and this he regarded as an infallible proof of good humor and sagacity. His talents for ridicule were speedily exerted at the expence of the Israelite ; nor could they admit of a dubious construction, as they consisted less in the exercise of his tongue, than in that of his hands. For he was one of those happy mortals who have always wit at their fingers ends.

This being a species of amusement that was exactly adapted to the lieutenant's capacity, he readily joined in the fun, while the unfortunate Levite, who respected an uniform almost as much as the Talmud, submitted to every thing with more than christian resignation. Patience, however, is a quality which, though highly extolled

by philosophers and divines, serves rather to excite the wantonness of persecution, than to appease it, as is clearly demonstrable from the example of the ass. Is there an animal in the creation more patient than Grizzle? or does any one receive more kicks, or harder blows?

Far be it from me to depreciate a virtue that is so highly extolled by most christian writers. All I mean to insinuate is, that there are many things most admirable in theory, but which are not perfectly applicable to daily practice. The quaker, for instance, when he receives a box on the right ear, may act meritoriously in desiring the assailant to give him another on the left. But were I a spectator of his conduct, I should be tempted to say with my friend Horace, *non equidem incideo, miror magis*. In a country that was inhabited by saints and angels, the quaker might be imitated with impunity! but constituted as the world at present is, a man will most

certainly have a better chance of getting pleasantly through life, who shall shape his course according to the heathen adage *nemo me impune lacessit*.

And this was exactly the Hebrew's case. The more he endured, the more he had to endure ; till convinced, at length, that patience and long suffering are not always requited in this present life, he had recourse to the science of his nation, and summing up the *pros* and *cons* according to the nicest spirit of calculation, discovered that wind and rain, on the outside, were less offensive companions than impertinence and brutality within.

Theodore, whose good sense and humanity were equally offended, ventured to remonstrate on the impropriety of this behavior, alleging, that as their fellow traveller had paid for his place, as well as themselves, he had an equal right to enjoy it in quiet.

“Hold your jabber, and be d—d to

you;" replied the son of Mars, with a frown as fierce as his mustachios, "or you may chance to experience the danger of meddling in other people's concerns."

To a person whose manners had indicated the smallest knowledge of the world, the warrior would probably have spoken in a less elevated tone. But Theodore was the child of nature, and every feature betrayed the simplicity of his heart. Unconscious himself of disguise, he believed that the minds of others were equally open, and that their thoughts, like his own, were written on their countenances. It is not, therefore, surprizing that he should have mistaken the language of insolence for that of courage, or that he preferred submitting in silence to the rod of oppression, to incurring the risk of opposition.

Let not the reader, however, suppose that his theological studies had changed his natural disposition, or degraded that



manly spirit which characterised his earliest infancy. Though humble, timid, and obliging, Theodore had a dauntless soul; but he had been taught to place forbearance among the chief of christian virtues, and was persuaded that it was better to endure a trifling injury, than to endanger the life of a fellow creature. This, indeed, was the first opportunity he ever met with of putting his theory in practice, and he is accordingly deserving of the greater admiration, since he is probably the only philosopher who ever acted consistently with his own precepts.

The conversation, if such it can be termed, was now entirely confined to the lieutenant and the master; our hero remaining silent in his corner. For, independently of all personal considerations, his compassionate temper felt sincerely for the debasement of a nation, who were once the chosen people of God. Yet, while he pitied their mis-

fortunes, he viewed their blindness with indignation, nor could he reflect, without an awful sentiment of astonishment, on the literal completion of every prophetic menace, by which their destruction was foretold.

At dinner they were joined by another passenger, who was also going to study at Ingolstadt. He was accompanied to the inn by his father, mother, and two sisters; the three latter of whom appeared no less affected at the separation, than if he had been conducting to the gallows instead of the university. The mother crammed his pockets with pills, conserves, and distilled waters, which was by no means an useless precaution, as they were equally stuffed by her daughters with cakes, ginger-bread, and dried sweet-meats; so that he might have descanted, like Addison's Cato, on the security of his situation, and pointing first to one pocket, and then to the other, have cried out, with more pro-

priety than the Roman patriot, "My bane and antidote are both beside me."

The father, however, was a man of a different cast, and hearing that Theodore and his son were to be fellow students, he called for a bottle of Burgundy, and insisted on our hero's pledging him in a bumper.

"Body of me!" said the honest farmer," the lad is a prodigy of learning, though he looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Why do you know, young gentleman, that I've already spent more than three hundred florins on his education, and you may judge from that what a scholar he must be. But the old proverb says as how, *learning is better than house or land*; and I hope Gaspar will find it so, or I shall have driven my pigs to a bad market else. His mother spoils the boy, or I could have made any thing of him, that's what I could. He may, for aught I know, become a general, or a captain, or a town clerk. Egad! there's stuff enough

about him. For my part, I hate a milksop ; so I've bought him a sword, that he may cut out his way in the world. Come, Gaspar, don't look so chop-fallen, here's a bumper, boy. Success to the university. Courage, lad ; 'tis that will give thee consequence ; so if any one offends thee, why knock him down."

"That is a most convincing argument," said Theodore, smiling, who thought it time to put in a word.

"Spoke like a gallant youth," resumed the farmer, who supposed Theodore to be in earnest, because he uttered his own sentiments. "I warrant you he will pocket an affront from no man living. Make him your model, Gaspar, and you cannot fail of being respected."

The good man, as the reader may perceive, was rather of a communicative disposition, and when he once began a conversation, did not well know how to conclude it, as Theodore would have found to his cost, had not the postillion's

horn announced the moment of departure. The mother turned pale, and trembled, but did not forget to button her darling's great-coat, and to tie a silk handkerchief round his neck. The farmer emptied his bottle, and then hurried Gaspar into the coach; while the two sisters began screaming as loud as they could, forming, in unison with the wimpering cub, a concert shrill and dissonant as the catterwawling of a dozen cats.

Reader, if thou art acquainted with Homer, thou must remember with what terrific shrieks the god of battle quitted the field when scratched by the valiant Diomede. Even so, or somewhat like it, howled the female part of the farmer's family, when the hopeful Gaspar departed. Luckily for the passengers, their cries gave unwonted speed to the rumbling steeds, so that trotting away as fast as they could, they were out of hearing in about a quarter of an hour.

## CHAP. XIV.

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In which the journey continues.

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POOR Gaspar, who had never before lost sight of his native village, was so terrified at the idea of being turned adrift in the wide world, that he made several efforts to leap out of the carriage; but being prevented by the vigilance of Theodore, he began roaring like a school-boy after a severe flogging.

The Jew, who had been prevailed on to resume his seat, and who possessed all the loquacity of his nation, addressed a thousand questions to the blubbering blockhead; without extorting any thing more than a monosyllable in return. Still, however, he persevered with a degree of generosity that plainly shewed how little value he affixed to the commodity with which he parted.

Silence is said to be sometimes a mark of sense; but the adage by no means held good with respect to Gaspar, who, in spite of the three hundred florins which had been expended on his education, was as arrant a dunce as any in Germany.

As I love a simile from my heart, (and where is the scribbler who loves it not?) I have half a mind to annoy the reader, by comparing a stage coach to a river! for as the one is replenished by every rill, so the other is recruited at every village. But I am now writing in one of the most enchanting spots in Europe,\* surrounded by every thing that can make a country residence delightful. The day is charming, the views romantic, the society bewitching, so that I have no time to throw away in invention, but must content myself with intimating, in simple prose, that, at the

\* Wilhelmsthal, the summer residence of the duke of Weimar.



first town where they changed horses, the party was increased by a pretty-looking girl, who was going to visit a relation at Donauwerth.

This proved a most fortunate circumstance for the Israelite, as it furnished his persecutor with a more agreeable occupation than that of tormenting him. For though little versed either in history, or mythology, the lieutenant had heard something of Wallenstein, and the Trojan war, and having jumbled together facts and fiction, in that disorderly chaos which anatomists, for want of a more appropriate term, have erroneously denominated the brain, he laid it down as an indisputable position, that every Venus belonged of right to her Mars. Now, had you required any further illustration, you would have found that he was already at the end of his tether, and that he knew nothing either of the goddess of beauty, or the god of war, except what he had picked up from

a song book ; but believed the former to have been a celebrated courtesan, and the latter a captain of grenadiers.

No sooner had the lady taken her seat, than the officer undertook to entertain her, which he did in his usual manner, viz. with coarse jokes, and *double entendres*, retailed with so little delicacy, that Theodore thought proper to shut his eyes. He was soon, however, roused from his reverie by loud peals of laughter, and looking up beheld a religious procession thrown into disorder by encountering the coach in a narrow lane.

An event like this could not fail to afford ample materials for the display of vulgar wit, and it was accordingly seized on by the son of Mars. For he was abundantly gifted with all those frivolous qualities which are the characteristics of ignorance and conceit, and regarded himself as deserving a place among the greatest philosophers of mo-

dern France, when, by the indecency of his conversation, he crimsoned the cheek of modesty with a blush, or braved the Divinity in blasphemous nonsense.

In this manner he entertained the company, till they arrived at Donauwerth, where, much to our hero's contentment, he quitted the party. The Jew, and the young woman, had also reached the end of their journey; so that Theodore would have been left *tete-a-tete* with the amiable Gaspar, had not the vacant places been immediately occupied by three students from Ingolstadt.

Scarce had they quitted the inn, when two of them began conversing in barbarous Latin, hoping thereby to inspire their fellow travellers with the highest ideas of their erudition. And this they accomplished with respect to Gaspar; who, though perfectly ignorant whether they were speaking Greek, Latin, Celtic, Italian, Chaldean, or

Hebrew, was equally edified with what they said; as he felt an inward conviction, that nothing except the profoundest wisdom could be conveyed in a language so different from his own. With Theodore, however, they could not so easily succeed, who occasionally threw in a word, by way of convincing them how much they were deceived, if they thought him the dupe of their artifice.

During the whole of the night, and the greater part of the preceding day, the rain had fallen in torrents, so that on the following morning a dismal scene presented itself to their sight. All that rich tract of country, which extends for many miles on the banks of the Danube, was converted into a tempestuous sea, on whose agitated surface the shivered pine, and uprooted oak, floated in promiscuous ruin. Here the roof of an unthatched cottage rose in solitary sadness, amid the raging flood, the wretched owners of which had perished the

victims of its resistless fury. There a helpless groupe of women and children stood on a little eminence, clinging for safety to the branches of a tree, which had hitherto escaped destruction, and in the piercing accents of despair imploring succor, which the surrounding perils made it impossible to afford. In a word, the distress was great and general. Whole villages had been swept away by the torrent, whose half-naked inhabitants were collected on the neighboring hills, where they had transported their cattle, children, and the little furniture which they were able to save.

Theodore's eyes were filled with tears, as he contemplated this scene of desolation; nor was he able to withhold an indignant reproof, at hearing one of his companions hazard a ludicrous remark on the naked figures before them.

The smile of ridicule was, however, speedily exchanged for terror and apprehension, when descending into the

valley, they entered a hollow way, so deep and narrow that it was totally impossible to turn, though warned, by the humanity of the peasants, that they could not proceed without exposing their lives to the most imminent danger.

“ Danger, or not” cried the postillion, “ I’ll be d—d if I remain here,” and with these words he began whipping his horses with all his might. The affrighted beasts plunged deeper into the mire ; the boisterous torrent roared tremendously ; while the terrified passengers screamed vociferously for aid.

“ Save us ! O save us !” cried the facetious student, holding out a purse,” and you shall be amply rewarded for your pains.”

This temptation was too strong for poverty to resist, and scarce had he uttered these words, when two sturdy rustics, leaping into the flood, supported the carriage till it reached the opposite

bank. Being now arrived upon dry ground the student's purse was returning into his pocket, by a kind of mechanical instinct, for which wits and moralists have different names. For while the latter, with more truth than good-breeding, are apt to characterize it by the unfashionable appellation of deceit; the former represent it, like most of their other follies, as the amiable effusion of youthful genius, when unrestrained by the pedantry of reason.

But as the science of the world was exactly that in which Theodore had made the smallest progress, he was accustomed to estimate the actions of men according to the ancient standard of moral rectitude, without making any allowance for the eccentricities of foppery, or the incongruities of wit. He was therefore decidedly of opinion, that a promise was equally a promise, whether given to a peasant or a prince; and insisted, accordingly, that the poor fellows



should not be defrauded, desiring, at the same time, that he might be allowed to contribute his share of the reward.

This offer was more efficacious than a volume of sermons would have been for it called in pride to the aid of veracity, and a most powerful advocate it proved. Yes, gentle reader, I will be bold to affirm, that, among the various passions which stimulate the heart to great, or generous efforts, there are few more active than pride; and yet it is usually classed by pulpit orators among those of satanic origin. For my own part, however, I am inclined to think, that whatever tends to inspire man with an elevated sentiment of his own being, and thus enables him to fulfil all the duties of life with dignity and decorum, if not in itself a virtue, is, at least, an admirable substitute for virtue, and ought not to be preached down till

something more efficacious can be found to supply its place.

Theodore might have talked, without success, till he was hoarse, but by proposing to pay a part, he declared his sense of the obligation in the irrefragable language of truth. The student blushed at his own duplicity, and threw his purse into the peasant's hat, while our hero, with his usual generosity, gave the honest rustic an additional crown.

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## CHAP. XV.

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With which the volume concludes.

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LET the weak or vicious say what they please, there is an imposing dignity in virtue, which seldom fails of commanding respect. In company with his licentious associates, the drunkard, and the debauchee, may ridicule morality as

a tie too burdensome for generous spirits, representing the teachers under the degrading character of starch and insipid pedagogues. But place them in company with a man, who is eminently distinguished for probity, taste, or erudition, and they will instantly sink under the humiliating weight of conscious insignificance.

Theodore had often heard the foregoing remark from the mouth of father Philip, and he now found it completely verified in his own person. Hitherto he had been treated by his fellow travellers with an indifference bordering upon neglect, but he was now looked up to with respect, and consideration. Desirous of making himself acquainted with the customs and discipline of the university, he occasionally led the conversation to Ingolstadt, but soon discovered, to his mortification and surprize, that two of his companions were much better acquainted with the frailties of the women

than with the talents of the men, while of the third, he was unable to judge, as he said not a word. Finding, therefore, that his inquiries were not likely to be productive of any satisfactory results, he threw himself back into the corner, and closing his eyes, gave way to his private meditations on the inconsiderate indulgence of parents, and the thoughtless extravagance of youth.

His fellow travellers, supposing him asleep, became less guarded in their expressions,

“Do you recollect,” said one of them, addressing himself to a tall young man who sat opposite, “what passed at the last concert? Do not blush man, for the Franzel is deserving of every attention, though less of a divinity than the Greiffenberg.”

“You forget that Godfrey is present,” replied his companion, “or you would be more cautious in what you say.”

“I am perfectly indifferent to any thing

that either of you can say," said the silent young man, whom Theodore now discovered to be Godfrey. "You know her to be above your mark, so the grapes are sour, that's all."

"And above your's too," answered the other, "or I am much mistaken ; for she's as proud as a princess, and holds up her head as high as if she were descended from Witikind himself, instead of being raised only yesterday from the dirt."

"No reflections upon family, Mr. Bolling, I beg," said Godfrey sternly.

"I'm sure I meant no harm;" continued Bolling in a milder tone, "but you grow so cursedly peevish, there's no speaking to you. Yet, with all your partiality, you cannot deny, that a girl who is too great to keep company with the students, cannot pass her time very pleasantly at an university."

"And such are your ideas of propriety," resumed Godfrey dryly.

"Who the devil ever went to the uni-

versity to look after propriety?" exclaimed Bolling with a sneer. "Propriety may do vastly well in a wife, but in a mistress it is the quality a man would least wish for."

"You are right, by God," cried Kromer, for such was his friend's name, exultingly. "But Godfrey is certainly infatuated. The girl undoubtedly possesses some magic spell, that fascinates his judgment, or he would never stoop to be so arrant a slave. Nay, Godfrey, I am sure you would yourself have joined in abusing her, had you seen with what an air of disdain she rejected my hand, to dance with that puppy Steinfeld."

The name of Steinfeld exciting our hero's attention, he immediately inquired if any of the company were intimate with his friend.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Bolling hastily; "for who could live with such a dull, formal, pedantic prig. Besides, he always chuses to sit alone, as if nobody was fit to come near him."

“ This is a subject upon which we equally differ,” said Godfrey, interrupting him, “ for I scarce know any person half so amiable in society. His manners are easy and affable ; his understanding is highly cultivated ; and his conversation exactly such as might be expected from a gentleman, who has always frequented the best company.”

“ That is to say, as insipid as water-gruel ;” retorted Bolling, “ but love has quite undone you, man ; so that if your mistress continues cruel, you will soon become such a stupid, dismal-looking fellow as Steinfeld.”

*Godfrey.* There are very few men whom I had rather resemble ; if, therefore, you mean to be satirical, you have mistaken the clue.

*Theodore.* I am happy to see, Sir, (addressing himself to Godfrey,) that you so justly appreciate baron Steinfeld’s character ; for, believe me, he merits all your praise.



*Godfrey.* You are, then, intimately acquainted with him, I conclude?

*Theodore.* He is the dearest friend that I have in the world, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, will meet me on the road.

*Godfrey.* I rejoice to hear it, as I wish to be better acquainted with him. I have met him several times, in mixed companies, and he has even lent me some books, but he seems so fond of retirement, that all my advances towards a greater intimacy, have hitherto proved unavailing.

The conversation now turned entirely upon literary subjects, and Theodore was delighted to find that his new acquaintance had taste to admire all the beauties of Klopstock and Kleist. While expatiating upon the merits of his two favorite authors, our hero was interrupted by a sudden stop, and looking out beheld his friend. In an ecstasy of joy he rushed into his arms unable to articulate a word.

This scene, though highly affecting, was

not exactly to the postillion's taste; who being susceptible of no impressions but those of cold and hunger, was eager to reach the end of his station, that he might warm himself with a glass of brandy, and a good fire. He therefore, in his uncouth dialect, requested the two friends to suspend their endearments till their arrival at Ingolstadt, and to allow him to proceed on his journey. This hint was far from unnecessary, as neither Frederic, nor Theodore, appeared to remember that they stood exposed to the blast of the tempestuous north, on a bleak and barren heath. Yet, when recalled to the perception of terrestrial objects, they felt quite at a loss how to act. The baron's steed, though not very remarkable either for delicacy of form, or agility of motion, was by no means equal to the united weight of both; and to separate at the moment of their union was a proposal they could not endure. Bolling, however, quickly obviated this difficulty, by offering to mount

Steinfeld's horse, and to give him his place in the carriage.

The two friends now found themselves seated by each other's side, after so long and painful an absence. When the first emotions were subsided, Theodore was forcibly struck with the altered countenance of his friend, and anxiously inquired if he had been ill.

"Not absolutely so;" replied Frederic with a solemnity that affected him; "but health is a subject that rarely occupies my thoughts." He sighed deep, and then seeming to recollect himself, demanded, eagerly, if Theodore had brought any thing for him.

"Nothing," answered Theodore, "except many kind remembrances from your friends at Gunzburg."

"And is that all?" exclaimed Steinfeld, with a look expressive of the keenest disappointment.

Perceiving to what this question alluded, and desirous of giving a different direction

to his thoughts, Theodore turned the conversation to general topics, making various inquiries respecting the rules of the college, and the way of life of the students. But to none of his questions could he obtain a satisfactory reply, as Frederic answered with a concise indifference, that plainly shewed his thoughts to be occupied with other objects. Nor did he recover an appearance of serenity, till they entered the gates of Ingolstadt.

END OF VOL. II.

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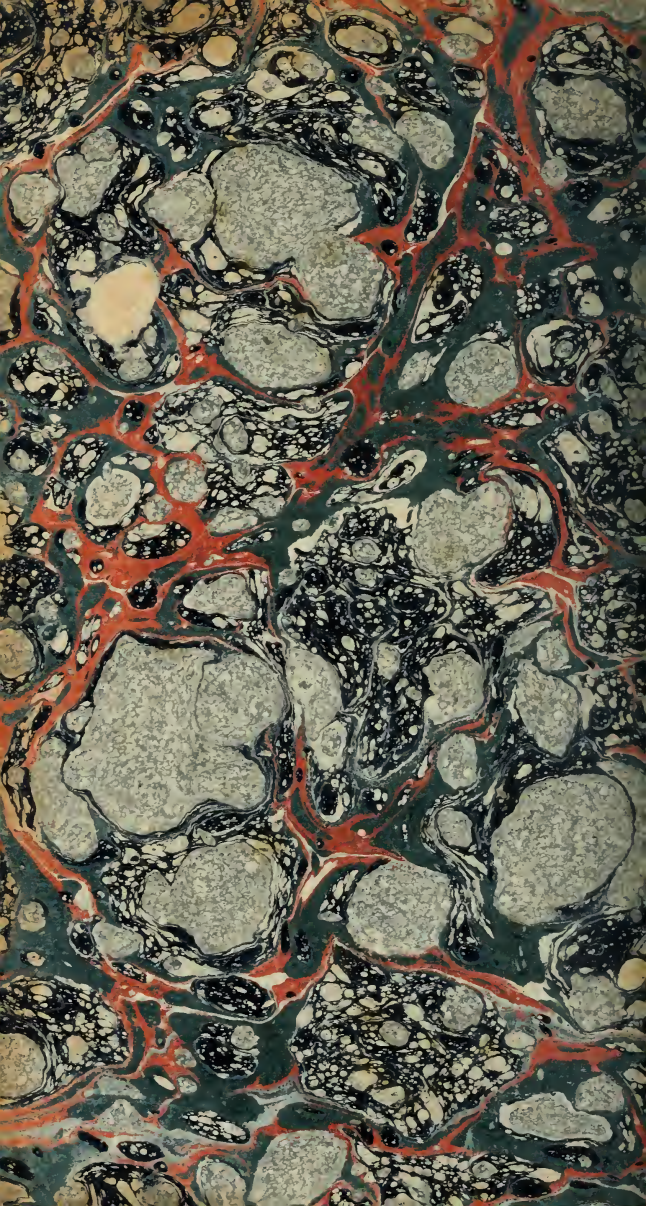


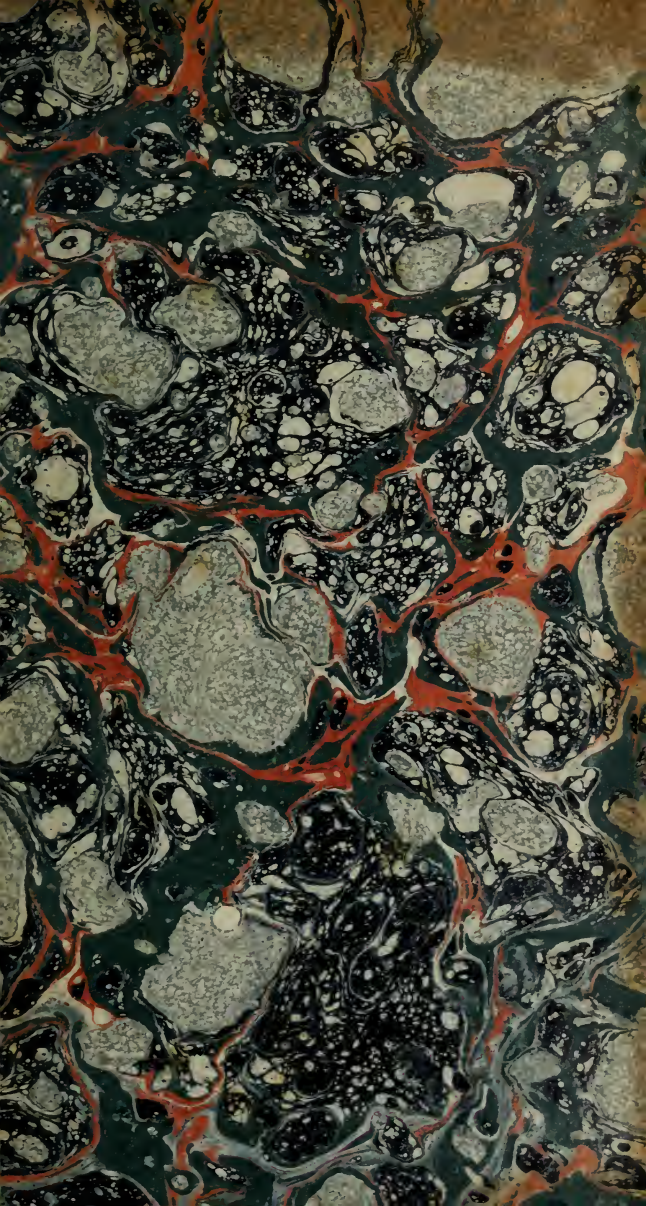














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